This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

CAP AND GOWN

SOME COLLEGE VERSE

FIRST SERIES

Digitized by Google

L426.93.5

Roland P. Jackson

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

BOUGHT FROM THE
AMEY RICHMOND SHELDON
FUND

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CAP AND GOWN

Digitized by Google

COLLEGE VERSE.

In College Verse, both Love and Fun
Now strive for foremost place,
And though to sing we've but begun,
In College Verse, both Love and Fun
Close side by side in metre run,—
Ah! Cupid sly will win the race;
In College Verse,—now Love and Fun
Both strive for foremost place.

"Williams Argo."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Scribimus indocti doctique poëmata passim

Digitized by Google

CAP AND GOWN

Some College Verse

CHOSEN BY

JOSEPH LA ROY HARRISON

BOSTON
L. C. PAGE AND COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
1897

Digitized by Google

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SHELDON FUND
JULY 10, 1940
AL426.93.5

Copyright, 1893,
BY JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY.

Colonial Press:
C. H. Simonds & Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Digitized by Google

DEDICATED

TO

DR. CHARLES CALDWELL PARK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

COLLEGE verse, like everything belonging to college life, has a certain individuality peculiar to itself. Were it otherwise, this volume could, perhaps, find no excuse for being. The critic who examines its pages with the straight rule of rhetoric in one hand, the definite measure of literary requirement in the other, and without something of the college spirit warming his heart, will surely find it wanting. In recent years the student versifier has seemed to appreciate more completely than in the past his real powers and limitations. His efforts are less artificial and pretentious, and have become more the natural expression of his years and environment. It is just here, in his own field, bounded by the hallowed associations of the past, and surrounded by the buoyant atmosphere of youth and freedom, that whatever charm his work may possess lies.

Digitized by Google

The editor does not desire to make any claim or apology for the existence of the book or for its contents. It is exactly what its title represents it to be, — some college verse, — and nothing more. He dares to hope it may find a corner in the domain of lighter verse, that it may be a congenial complement to the old brier-root during some idle hour of undergraduate life, and that it may awaken in those who have left their *Alma Mater* the sleeping memories of that happy, careless past, — memories which neither time nor adversity nor absence can efface.

It has been his aim to make this, the first general collection of student verse, representative of the lighter undergraduate verse of recent years. The verses have in every instance appeared in the college journals to which they are credited, and are, so far as the editor has been able to learn, the work of undergraduates. The names of the authors are given in all cases where they could be ascertained; but owing to the fact that most of the verses were published anonymously, it has been impossible to supply them in a number of instances.

Digitized by Google

The editor gratefully acknowledges the courtesies extended by the New York State Library, by the college libraries in which he has worked, as well as by those libraries which have so kindly loaned him books; by the editors of the college press who have aided him in tracing the names of authors, and by the friends whose critical judgment has greatly helped him in his selections.

J. L. HARRISON.

ALBANY, N. Y.,
March, 1893.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

COLLEGE PAPERS REPRESENTED.

AMHERST COLLEGE .	*Amherst Literary Monthly, The.*
	Amherst Student, The.
BOWDOIN COLLEGE .	*Bowdoin Orient, The.*
BROWN UNIVERSITY .	*Brunonian, The.*
BRYN MAWR COLLEGE	*Bryn Mawr Lantern.*
COLGATE UNIVERSITY	*Madisonensis.*
COLUMBIA COLLEGE .	*Acta Columbiana.*
	Columbia Spectator.
CORNELL UNIVERSITY	*Cornell Era, The.*
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE	*Dartmouth, The.*
	Dartmouth Literary Monthly, The.
HAMILTON COLLEGE .	*Hamilton Literary Monthly, The.*
HARVARD UNIVERSITY	*Crimson, The.*
	Harvard Advocate, The.
	Harvard Lampoon, The.
	Harvard Monthly, The.
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY .	*Lehigh Burr, The.*
MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY . . .	*Tech.*
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE	*Mount Holyoke, The.*
PRINCETON COLLEGE .	*Nassau Literary Monthly, The.*
RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE	*Polytechnic, The.*
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE	*Swarthmore Phœnix.*

Digitized by Google

TRINITY COLLEGE . .	*Trinity Tablet, The.*
TUFTS COLLEGE . . .	*Tuftonian, The.*
UNION COLLEGE . .	*Concordiensis, The.*
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN	*Chronicle, The.*
	Michigan Argonaut, The.
UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER	*Campus, The.*
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	*Virginia University Magazine.*
VASSAR COLLEGE . .	*Vassar Miscellany, The.*
WELLESLEY COLLEGE	*Wellesley Prelude, The.*
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY	*Wesleyan Argus, The.*
WILLIAMS COLLEGE .	*Williams Argo, The.*
	Williams Fortnight, The.
	Williams Literary Monthly, The.
	Williams Weekly.
YALE UNIVERSITY . .	*Yale Courant, The.*
	Yale Literary Magazine, The.
	Yale Record, The.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Ad Impudentissimam	*Yale Record*	31
After reading Austin Dobson	*Wellesley Prelude*	124
After the Play	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	7
Afterwards	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	116
Ah, Lassie Fair	*Williams Fortnight*	122
Anita	*Lehigh Burr*	92
Antonina	*Yale Record*	44
Appropriate Keepsake, An	*Brunonian*	137
At Church	*Williams Fortnight*	53
At Eastertide	*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*	101
At the Ball	*Williams Argo*	130
At the Window	*Dartmouth Lit. Monthly*	85
At Vespers	*Cornell Era*	24
Auf Wiedersehen	*Trinity Tablet*	155
Auf Wiedersehen	*Williams Fortnight*	163
Aunt Phœbe's Remonstrance	*Virginia Univ. Magazine*	48
Autumn Wedding-Song	*Harvard Advocate*	30
Bacchic Lyric, A	*Yale Courant*	20
Ball-Room Madrigal	*Harvard Lampoon*	59
Banjo Mine	*Tech.*	170
Barcarole	*Williams Argo*	109
Bessie	*Harvard Advocate*	33
Between the Galop and the Lanciers	*Yale Courant*	19
"Blyther than the burnie"	*Mount Holyoke*	107
Boat-Building in Spain	*Brunonian*	148
Boating-Song	*Yale Courant*	35
Broken Banjo, The	*Dartmouth Lit. Monthly*	24
Candida	*Harvard Lampoon*	114
Capriciousness	*Harvard Lampoon*	4
Carol, A: Standard of the Cross	*Wellesley Prelude*	99

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
Challenge, A	*Columbia Spectator*	184
Coincidence, A	*Harvard Lampoon*	2
College Days	*Harvard Advocate*	3
College Rowing-Song, A	*Cornell Era*	90
College Widow, A	*Acta Columbiana*	150
Concerning Tabitha's dancing the Minuet	*Yale Literary Magazine*	69
Conditionally	*Trinity Tablet*	127
Constant Heart, A	*Cornell Era*	64
Cross-Purposes	*Harvard Lampoon*	119
Curfew Chimes, The	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	176
Dancing the Minuet	*Harvard Advocate*	29
Dead Astronomer, The	*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*	27
Death of the Old Clock, The	*Yale Courant*	87
Determination	*Amherst Student*	43
Di's Mitten	*Amherst Student*	67
Discouraging	*Williams Argo*	186
Down the Road to Sally's	*Yale Courant*	55
Dreaming	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	120
Dreams	*Williams Argo*	13
Dresden Shepherdess, A	*The Crimson*	66
Drinking-Song	*Williams Argo*	62
During the Quarrel	*Williams Argo*	11
Echo's Secret	*Trinity Tablet*	98
Eclipse, The	*Tuftonian*	132
Ein Traumbild	*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*	136
Eleanor	*Harvard Advocate*	51
Elfin Cruise, An	*Yale Courant*	187
Elsinore	*Harvard Lampoon*	126
"Ever so long ago"	*Harvard Lampoon*	129
Experience	*Williams Weekly*	174
Falling Stars	*Yale Courant*	50
Fan painted by Watteau, A	*Harvard Advocate*	52
Fancy-Dress Ball, The	*Harvard Lampoon*	42
Finland Love-Song	*Wesleyan Argus*	77
First Snow, The	*The Dartmouth*	153
Flight of Time, The	*Yale Record*	18
Flirtation	*Lehigh Burr*	47
Fly, Little Letter	*Yale Courant*	84
Fra Moreale	*Yale Courant*	186

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
Frost-Elves, The	*Swarthmore Phænix*	183
Funeral, A	*Wesleyan Argus*	138
German Favors	*Yale Record*	145
Ghosts	*Trinity Tablet*	38
Good-Night	*Madisonensis*	102
He has been there himself	*Michigan Argonaut*	12
"He loves me, loves me not"	*Tech.*	6
Heartless	*Brunonian*	115
Heart's Pictures, The	*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*	103
Her Flower	*The Polytechnic*	124
Her Programme of Dance	*Yale Record*	56
Her Satin Fan	*Trinity Tablet*	128
Hidden	*Williams Fortnight*	159
High-backed Chair, The	*Harvard Lampoon*	60
Homeward Road, The	*Yale Courant*	41
Hortense	*The Dartmouth*	111
How came the Holly Berries Red?	*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*	38
I doubt it	*Yale Literary Magazine*	20
In Bachelor's Hall	*Bowdoin Orient*	131
In Cap and Gown	*Bryn Mawr Lantern*	189
In Hood of Blue	*Williams Argo*	148
In Jamaica	*Harvard Lampoon*	8
In Junior Year	*Cornell Era*	74
"In lighter vein"	*Vassar Miscellany*	1
Intrusion, An	*Williams Argo*	175
Inviting	*Williams Argo*	135
"It's an ill wind—"	*Yale Record*	63
Jealous Rose, The	*The Chronicle*	81
La Vesuviana	*Swarthmore Phænix*	79
Laudo Puellam	*Yale Courant*	45
Le Départ	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	112
Left	*Harvard Lampoon*	9
L'Envoi	*Yale Record*	7
Life and Love	*Trinity Tablet*	110
Life's Greeting	*Trinity Tablet*	162
Love and the Sea	*Harvard Advocate*	100
Love Game, A	*Yale Courant*	172
"Love is a woman"	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	122
Love-Message, A	*Wellesley Prelude*	37
Lovely Scene, A	*Harvard Advocate*	139

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
Love's Day	*Dartmouth Lit. Monthly*	118
Love's Disguise	*Cornell Era*	96
Love's Entrance	*Wesleyan Argus*	157
Love's Logic	*Tech.*	106
Mark of the Rose, The	*Yale Literary Magazine*	44
"Merry blue-eyed laddie, A"	*Vassar Miscellany*	177
Message, A	*Mount Holyoke*	158
Monarch of the Old Régime, A	*Harvard Advocate*	75
My Christmas Card	*Yale Record*	70
My Lady	*Columbia Spectator*	184
My Phyllis	*Amherst Student*	54
Nature's Poem	*Harvard Monthly*	86
New Joke, The	*Brunonian*	125
Night and Day	*Yale Courant*	162
No Wonder	*Brunonian*	9
Not Blind	*Columbia Spectator*	22
"O modern girl"	*Vassar Miscellany*	140
Oblivion's Gate	*Cornell Era*	78
Of Course	*Vassar Miscellany*	14
Old Amontillado	*Columbia Spectator*	153
Old Letters	*Yale Record*	168
On a Summer's Eve	*Wesleyan Argus*	123
On some Roses sent Anonymously	*Amherst Student*	58
On the Stair	*Trinity Tablet*	152
On the Stairs	*Yale Courant*	83
One Advantage of Volapük	*Williams Weekly*	143
Parting Song	*The Campus*	97
Philosophia Amoris	*Williams Lit. Monthly*	9
Phyllis and Corydon	*Yale Literary Magazine*	5
Picture, A	*The Dartmouth*	161
Place of Love, The	*Harvard Advocate*	26
Preparing a Flunk	*Columbia Spectator*	102
Promenading Psychology	*Yale Courant*	39
Purple Blossoms	*Cornell Era*	134
Quite Possible	*Cornell Era*	149
Reductio ad Absurdum	*Harvard Advocate*	122
Repartee	*Yale Record*	170
Reveries of a Bachelor	*Harvard Lampoon*	89
Riding to the Hunt	*Harvard Monthly*	3
Rocks of Mt. Desert, The	*Columbia Spectator*	159

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
Rondeau, A: My Valentine	*Amherst Student*	16
Rondeau: A Ruined Rose	*Cornell Era*	71
Rosalie	*Vassar Miscellany*	23
Rosary, A	*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*	93
Rose at it again	*Harvard Lampoon*	40
Rose's Message, The	*Vassar Miscellany*	29
Rose's Mite, The	*Swarthmore Phanix*	25
Rose's Plaint, The	*Columbia Spectator*	73
Royalty	*Wesleyan Argus*	38
Sailing	*Yale Courant*	61
Same, The	*Yale Courant*	133
Sea-Song	*The Dartmouth*	116
Semper Idem	*Harvard Lampoon*	117
Serf's Secret, The	*Harvard Monthly*	32
Shadow Ships	*The Dartmouth*	155
Sic Transit	*Yale Courant*	106
Similar Case, A	*Acta Columbiana*	120
Skein of Zephyr, A	*Acta Columbiana*	28
So Sweet	*Amherst Student*	138
Soap-Bubble, A	*Wesleyan Argus*	164
"Soft is thy rest"	*Dartmouth Lit. Monthly*	164
"Some tangled hair"	*Harvard Lampoon*	43
"Somebody"	*Cornell Era*	77
Song	*Vassar Miscellany*	72
Song, A	*Mount Holyoke*	144
Sophomore, The	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	47
Soul Shadow	*Wesleyan Argus*	50
Specialist, A	*Brunonian*	95
Sport	*Harvard Lampoon*	151
Summer Girl, The	*Yale Record*	137
Sweet Sixteen	*Williams Argo*	171
Tête-à-tête with Phyllis	*Dartmouth Lit. Monthly*	94
There is a Time	*The Campus*	157
Three Sailor-Boys	*The Dartmouth*	46
Three Triolets	*Cornell Era*	79
Tit for Tat	*Acta Columbiana*	25
To ——	*Concordiensis*	146
To a Collection of Pastorals	*Harvard Advocate*	190
To a Conservatory Flower	*The Chronicle*	147
To a Dead Bird	*Cornell Era*	108

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
To a Foot-ball	*Wesleyan Argus*	95
To a Picture	*Columbia Spectator*	165
To a Picture	*Cornell Era*	95
To a Rose	*Amherst Literary Monthly*	91
To a Sister of Charity	*Amherst Student*	113
To a Spider-Web	*Brunonian*	14
To Allie	*Swarthmore Phœnix*	67
To Millicent Abroad	*Harvard Lampoon*	182
To my Meerschaum	*Acta Columbiana*	174
To Prue	*Harvard Lampoon*	57
Toast, The	*Yale Courant*	181
Town and Country	*Trinity Tablet*	15
Triolet: Those Violets Blue	*Williams Argo*	135
Triolets: To her whom I call Rose	*Harvard Advocate*	167
Trysting	*Yale Courant*	71
Trysting-Place, The	*Madisonensis*	141
Turkish Refrain	*The Chronicle*	17
Twin Jewels	*Amherst Student*	58
Two Answers, The	*Nassau Literary Magazine*	178
Two Mystics	*Williams Lit. Monthly*	173
Two of a Kind	*Williams Argo*	179
Two Seasons	*Bowdoin Orient*	68
Unlocked	*Amherst Student*	132
Unseen Depths, The	*Brunonian*	65
Valentine, A	*Vassar Miscellany*	169
Villanelle: Au Retour du Printemps	*Williams Lit. Monthly*	161
Villon to his Mistress	*Harvard Advocate*	34
Violiniste	*The Dartmouth*	105
Visions	*Tuftonian*	185
Waban Ripple, A	*Brunonian*	149
"Well, Dinah might"	*Williams Argo*	88
"When Silvia sings"	*Harvard Monthly*	34
Why?	*Tuftonian*	140
Wing Tee Wee	*Harvard Lampoon*	156
Wishes	*Williams Argo*	56
With Roses	*Yale Record*	36
Woman's Wiles	*Bowdoin Orient*	180
Won the Pot	*Columbia Spectator*	82
"Write a poem for the 'Lit.'"	*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*	166

Digitized by Google

CAP AND GOWN

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CAP AND GOWN.

"IN LIGHTER VEIN."

IN lighter vein, — blue eyes and rosy lips,
Gay songs and dances, jests and merry quips;
No thought of the great mysteries of Pain
And Life and Death, but just a clear refrain,

That in 'twixt thoughts of love and laughter slips,
Light as the foam that from the oar-blade drips, —
Such is the measure of our careless strain,
In lighter vein.

Safe into port come all our wandering ships,
From those dim lands o'er which the horizon dips;
Our Fancy's castles prove not all in Spain;
Oh, life is fair and every path is plain,
If we but woo the muse who ever trips
In lighter vein.

ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS.

Digitized by Google

A COINCIDENCE.

GRANDMOTHER sits in her old arm-chair
Placidly knitting the hours away;
Kindly, yet grave, with her silvered hair,
Tracing the cares of life's yesterday.

Granddaughter cosily kneels beside,
Resting an elbow on grandma's knee,
Pondering how she can best confide
Something momentous, 't is plain to see.

On goes the click of the ivory bones,
Till dainty fingers obstruct the view,
And a shy voice asks in coaxing tones,
"Tell me how grandpa proposed to you."

Down drops the knitting and truant ball,
While grandma answers, 'twixt smile and tear,
"Grandfather never proposed at all;
Somehow we knew it without, my dear."

Granddaughter blushes a dainty pink,
Keeping her gaze fixed on grandma's knee.
"Is n't it funny," she says, "to think
It is just that way with Jack and me?"

F. T. COOPER.

Digitized by Google

RIDING TO THE HUNT.

STRING your arrow to my lips, Harry Lincoln;
They are arched like a bow, like a bow.
Come and kiss my finger-tips, Harry Lincoln,
Ere you go to hunt the mountain roe.
Many wooers lie low ere the bridal;
Many maids lose lovers on the way:
For Death 's a hunter, too, Harry Lincoln.
So kiss me, Harry. Now ride away!

Hush! the breeze is blowing light, Mollie Angel,
And the horn flings laughter through the dale.
Sure my love's eyes are bright, Mollie Angel,
Though she hides them in their lashes' veil.
Though the trembling tears are falling fast between them,
I will kiss them till they gather there no more.
Life 's a-maying in the morn, Mollie Angel;
Sober Death 's dancing, too, at Life's door.

W. A. LEAHY.

COLLEGE DAYS.

DEAR fellow, when our college days are over,
These happy, happy days,
And we, by unrelenting fate divided,
Pursue our different ways,

Digitized by Google

Then shall this spark of friendship ever glowing
Conceive eternal life;
Lighting our pathway as we struggle onward
Mid toil and strife.

Dear fellow, *Alma Mater's* sacred name
A talisman shall be,
A bond of union binding us together
For all eternity.
Life's sands run low, the ranks grow thin and thinner,
Grief gathers fast, and care.
Once more, dear fellow, here 's to *Alma Mater*,
Our mother fair!

CARLETON HUNNEMAN.

CAPRICIOUSNESS.

DURING a pause from a breathless dance,
Somewhat withdrawn from mamma's keen glance,
Out of the ball-room's fatiguing glare,
In safe seclusion and cooler air,
Curtained from view by the window lace,
Stands a sweet vision of girlish grace;
Fluttering drapery of gauzy white, —
Eyes like the depths of a summer night;
Four hands confusingly interlaced,
Protective coat-sleeve around her waist,
Glance so alluring and smile so rash,
Threatening approach of a bold mustache;

Digitized by Google

Wilfully tossing her dainty head,
"Some one is looking this way," she said.

Slipping mischievously out of reach,
Yet half repenting her wilful speech;
Watching results with a vague alarm,
Wholly released from his willing arm;
Looking as shy as a sweet wild rose,
With the soft color that comes and goes;
And dainty fingers, set free, now fain
To be close prisoners o'er again,
Turning half nervously in and out;
Ruby lips arched to a tempting pout,
Secretly longing to say enough
To make amends for the late rebuff, —
Penitently, and with drooping head,
"No one is looking just now," she said.

F. T. COOPER.

PHYLLIS AND CORYDON.

PHYLLIS took a red rose from the tangles of her hair
(Time, the Golden Age; the place, Arcadia, anywhere).

Phyllis laughed, the saucy jade, "Sir Shepherd, wilt have this
Or" (Bashful god of skipping lambs and oaten reeds!)
"a kiss?"

Digitized by Google

Bethink thee, gentle Corydon! A rose lasts all night long,
A kiss but slips from off your lips like a robin's evening-song.

A kiss that goes where no one knows!
A rose, a crimson rose!

Corydon made his choice and took —
Well, which do you suppose?

ARTHUR W. COTTON.

"HE LOVES ME, LOVES ME NOT."

OH, dear little daisy, come whisper me softly,
And tell me a secret I 'm longing to know.
His name will lie hid in your golden heart ever;
Oh, say does he love me, and whisper it low.

Faint heart, you are throbbing, and, cheeks, you are paling, —
One after another the white petals fall.
Oh, birds, cease your singing, and, sun, hide your shining,
For the daisy has said that he loves not at all.

Tears do not fall: there is somebody coming,
Somebody's footstep is here at my side;
Somebody holds me quite close to his bosom,
And whispers, "My darling, the daisy has lied."

Digitized by Google

AFTER THE PLAY.

MID the tawdry purple and tinsel bright,
With a mimic crowd bowing low at his feet,
In crown and sceptre of gilt bedight,
And a poor robe falling in fold and pleat,
He stalks on the stage and takes a seat.
Ah, well, let him prosper while he may:
The curtain 's soon down, for the hours are fleet,
And the king 's but a beggar after the play.

In his borrowed plumage, poor, shallow cheat,
He struts the stage with a strange conceit;
But let him prosper while he may,
The king 's but a beggar after the play.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

L'ENVOI.

GO, pretty Rose, and to her tell
All I would say, could I but see
The slender form I know so well,
The roguish eyes that laughed at me.

And when your fragrance fills the room,
Tell her of all I hope and fear;
With every breath of sweet perfume,
Whisper my greetings in her ear.

Digitized by Google

But, Roses, stay, there is one thing
You must not mention (don't forget!
For it might be embarrassing);
And that is — you 're not paid for yet!

E. B. REED.

IN JAMAICA.

THE wintry winds are never drear
In balmy old Jamaica, O.
The biting cold they never fear
In tropical Jamaica, O.
But flowers are ever fresh and fair,
A gentle fragrance fills the air,
And all the year is summer there
In sunny old Jamaica, O.

And so 't is ever bright and gay
In happy old Jamaica, O.
The world is all a summer's day
In dreamy old Jamaica, O.
The sun is shining rays of gold,
And Nature's smiles are manifold;
And only Margaret's heart is cold
In far-away Jamaica, O.

J. P. DENISON.

Digitized by Google

LEFT.

"MEET me," she said, "by the orchard wall
To-morrow night, as the sun goes down;"
And this is to-morrow, and here am I,
And there 's the wall, and the sun 's gone down.

H. G. CHAPMAN.

"NO WONDER."

"NO wonder me darling is cross-eyed,"
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother,
"For both of her eyes are so pretty
That each wants to look at the other."

F. T. EASTON.

PHILOSOPHIA AMORIS.

I AM weary of long, dull books, love,
And disputations dry,
Of the questionings and the queries,
Of the *how* and the *what* and the *why*.
For all that the wise men tell us
Of the "Function of Mind and Will,"
We have learned quite well already,
And *they* might as well be still.

Digitized by Google

For of what the use of thought is
I know no book that tells;
That thought is to think of thee, love —
But what is the use of it else?
And I know no book that tells, love,
That the chiefest use of Will
Is to make thy pathway smooth, love,
And guard thee from every ill.

They are nearer right on Feeling, —
That much I *will* admit;
For better than all the wise men
We know the use of it, —
That love may be strong and lasting,
And love may be pure and true.
And what is the use of books, love,
That tell you nothing new?

I don't think that I need proof, love,
Of the fact that you exist;
There 's a very convincing realness
In the lips last night I kissed.
And all of the books in the world, love,
Could n't make me a bit more sure
That your cheeks are as fair as roses,
And your heart as a lily pure.

I am weary of long, dull books, love,
And disputations dry,
Of the questionings and the queries,
Of the *how* and the *what* and the *why*.

Digitized by Google

Philosophy has its use, no doubt;
  But whatever that use may be,
I 've come to the firm conclusion
  That it 's not for you and me.

G. L. R.

DURING THE QUARREL.

I HOPE, when we go down to dinner
  To discuss eight courses or more, —
I fervently hope this poor sinner
  Won't have to sit next to a bore.
I hope she 'll be stylish and pretty,
  I hope she *won't* know any Greek;
I hope she 'll be clever and witty,
  I hope she can talk like a streak.

I hope her "papa" has some money,
  I hope she 'll be modest but gay;
I hope she 'll smile when I 'm funny,
  I hope she will not be *outré*;
I hope she 's been "over the ocean;"
  I hope — well, I 'm willing to tell, —
I hope she 'll accept my devotion:
  Then, oh to sit opposite Nell!

Digitized by Google

HE HAS BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

THEY will send you off to college,
Pretty Prue,
Though you 've scarcely passed your doll age
It is true.
I am sorry, I am sad,
I am worried, I am mad,
I really must acknowledge,
Pretty Prue.

Ah! my charming little Sis, you
Pretty Prue!
You don't know how I 'll miss you,
Doubt you too;
For my fond heart understands
Who has saucy arms and hands,
Who has lips to try and kiss you,
Pretty Prue.

You need have no cause to doubt it,
Pretty Prue.
If you have a doubt, why, scout it;
It 's better to.
There are maidens there to-day
Who will give me dead away;
That is why I 'm sad about it,
Pretty Prue.

WELBY WALKER.

Digitized by Google

DREAMS.

On the Hunting-Ground.

WE sleep upon fir-tree boughs at night,
My hunting-dog and I:
He dreams of the chase thro' the whistling pines
But I
Dream of a house in a city street
Where the smoky chimneys rise to meet
The arching blue of the sky.

We sleep upon fir-tree boughs at night,
My hunting-dog and I:
He dreams of a stag with his antlers tall;
But I
Dream of a girl with a round sweet face,
Of her pretty ways and her charming grace,
And the bonds we hope to tie.

We sleep upon fir-tree tops at night,
My hunting-dog and I:
He dreams of the morrow's sunny smile;
But I
Dream of one that I idolize,
And the promise that rests in her soft blue eyes
For the coming by and by.

D. C. Brewer

Digitized by Google

TO A SPIDER-WEB.

I WOULD I were a spider;
My web I 'd then make wider
Than the limits of the ever-restless sea.
Each strand should then be longer,
Each silken thread be stronger
Than mighty ocean cable, to catch my lady free.

If once within my bower,
Don't think that I 'd devour
That little one who is so dear to me;
I 'd just sit down beside her,
Like a very loving spider,
And evermore be faithful, throughout eternity.

G. H. FERRIS.

OF COURSE.

A MERRY shepherd lad was Jock,
Of course.
All day he watched his father's flock,
Of course.
He never had learned to write or spell,
But he loved his bonnie lassie well,
And she his love did not repel,
Of course.

Digitized by Google

Her hair was black as a raven's wing,
Of course.
And she like the clear-voiced lark could sing,
Of course.
Her bright black eyes were never sad,
Her face was all the wealth she had,
And so she loved her shepherd lad,
Of course.

A gallant guardsman came to town,
Of course.
He was worth full many a hundred poun',
Of course.
She fell in love with this guardsman gay;
So she jilted Jock and she ran away.
He married somebody else, they say.
Of course!

JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

YOU 'd admire my city sweetheart
(If you met her)
For her style.
Yes! you 'd praise her beauteous face,
And her figure's perfect grace!
Ah! how daintily she walks,
And how charmingly she talks!

Digitized by Google

Yet —
I think you could forget her, —
Could forget that artful maiden
In a while!
Though you 'd praise my city sweetheart
And her style.

II.

But you 'd love my country sweetheart
(If you met her)
For her smile.
And her trusting eyes of blue
Would have far more charm for you
Than the changing laugh and frown
Of the fair coquette in town —
Ah!
You never could forget her, —
Ne'er forget that artless maiden
And her smile;
For you 'd love my country sweetheart
All the while!

WILLIAM FRENCH COLLINS.

A RONDEAU.

FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MY Valentine I prithee be,
Sweet maid, who art so dear to me.
I love thee for thy bonny eye;
It glances, — and I fain would die,
If only I might die for thee.

Digitized by Google

Thy cheeks, none rosier can I see;
I love them also greedily, —
A lover of thee all am I,
My Valentine!

These pouting lips, — for them I sigh.
Oh, if I were a butterfly,
Or if I were a honey-bee,
I know where *I* for sweets would flee.
That now of course I dare not try,
My Valentine!

WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.

TURKISH REFRAIN.

THE sunlight slants through the tremulous trees,
The sward is checkered with green and gold,
The breath of lilacs is borne on the breeze, —
The year is young, though the world be old.
Oh, listen and hear the tale retold,
The voice of the May:
Be gay, be gay,
For soon, ah, soon, spring passes away.

Oh, sweet are the songs of the singing birds,
And fair are the depths of the azure skies;
But sweeter far are a maiden's words,
And fairer far are a maiden's eyes.

Digitized by Google

And the glances that fall and the sighs that rise,
All seem to say:
Be gay, be gay,
For soon, ah, soon, spring passes away.

O sunlight gilding the velvet sward,
O drooping lilacs with perfume oppressed,
O birds that carol in sweet accord,
O lips of laughter and love-rocked breast!
One burden haunts me and grants no rest:
Reck not, nor stay,
Be gay, be gay,
For soon, ah, soon, spring passes away.

A. G. NEWCOMER.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"TEMPUS fugit," said the Romans;
Yes, alas, 't is fleeting on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short, and soon 't is gone.

But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge!"

J. K. BLAKE.

Digitized by Google

BETWEEN THE GALOP AND THE LANCIERS.

'T WAS just a waltz the musicians played,
Between the galop and the lanciers,
But it broke a wound I thought was healed,
And just for a moment my senses reeled
At the sound of the waltz the musicians played,
Between the galop and the lanciers.

My memory 's played me many a trick;
But maddest was her fancy,
When she changed that hall to a little lane,
Where a cow-boy whistled a sweet refrain
That was just the tune the musicians played,
Between the galop and the lanciers.

Ah! Nannie, I thought the lesson was learned,
Till I stood to-night in the ball-room,
And the eyes of the ladies by my side
All suddenly merged into blue eyes wide
At the sound of the waltz the musicians played,
Between the galop and the lanciers.

Dear sweet young eyes of the tenderest blue,
Do you ever weep, I wonder,
For the man who left you for honor's sake,
The man whose heart was nigh to break
At the waltz the musicians played to-night
Between the galop and the lanciers?

F. K. CURTIS.

Digitized by Google

I DOUBT IT.

WHEN a pair of red lips are upturned to your own
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do — but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you do — but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do — but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly softness about it,
Will you guard it and keep it, and act the good part?
Well, maybe you will — but I doubt it.

A BACCHIC LYRIC.

TAKE from dead Rome
The home
Of minstrelsy.
Maids still are fair,
I swear,
As Lalage.

Digitized by Google

Comrades, let us ever sing,
  While the time disposes,
And our clinking glasses ring,
  Love and wine and roses.

I.

Red the cherry, red the rose,
  Red the ruby wine;
Redder come the maiden's lips
  Laughing up to mine.

II.

As the straying sunbeams dance
  In the shaded brook,
Dance the sparkles in her eyes;
  Arch and coy her look.

III.

White the lily, white the dove,
  White the marble bright;
Whiter still her curving throat,
  Glist'ning in the light.

IV.

She has cheeks enclareted,
  Softest ringlets brown.
Come, each fill a brimming glass,
  To her drink it down.

Digitized by Google

While our clinking glasses ring,
And the time disposes,
Comrades, let us ever sing
Love and wine and roses.

H. L. DOGGETT.

NOT BLIND.

IF love is blind, how can it be
That these blind eyes of mine should see,
As I was walking down the way,
The flutter of a garment gray
Beneath the windy willow-tree?

And as I walked more rapidly,
How could I know she did not flee,
But made an innocent delay,
If love is blind?

I saw her soft hair blowing free,
I saw her flushing tenderly,
And in her eyes there shone a ray
Caught from the east at dawn of day:
How could I tell it was for me,
If love is blind?

H. M. H.

Digitized by Google

ROSALIE.

OVER the fields where the soft wind blows,
Sweetest of flowers, Rosalie goes,
Ever bending, so daintily slight,
To gather the daisies golden and white.
Careless and happy she passes by,
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

The grasses cling to her trailing gown:
"Rosalie, Rosalie dear, stoop down.
So long we have waited! Ah, sweet, be kind;
Go not away, leaving us behind."
But Rosalie, careless, passes them by,
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Whispers the clover down at her feet:
"The daisy has not our fragrance sweet,
See how boldly she holds her head!
Gather us, Rosalie dear, instead."
But Rosalie, careless, passes them by,
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Rosalie's lover kneels in the grass:
"Rosalie, dearest, do not pass,
Leaving my heart to wither alone;
Stoop and gather it, love, for thine own."
But Rosalie laughs and passes him by,
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS.

Digitized by Google

AT VESPERS.

IN the shadowy aisle she kneeling
While the organ soft is pealing,
And the notes come faintly stealing
Through the heavy-scented air.

From the windows manifold,
Blazoned there in blue and gold,
Heroes, martyrs, saints of old
Watch the maiden at her prayer.

JARED VAN WAGENEN, JR.

THE BROKEN BANJO.

VOICELESS lies the broken banjo,
Breathes its tuneful soul no more;
Gone are all the days it sang of,
Gone are all the boys who swore,

When the banjo, loudly thrummed on,
Roused them from their night's repose,
That the wretch who thus annoyed them
Should be numbered 'mong their foes.

O thou past-recalling banjo!
Would I might see, even now,
Other night-disturbing banjos
Past recalling, e'en as thou!

WARREN FENNO GREGORY.

Digitized by Google

TIT FOR TAT.

"COMBIEN m'aimez-vous?"
Ah! the whispered words so sweet,
As, kneeling at my darling's feet,
I told the tale of love so true.

An answer did I vainly sue:
Looking down in mild surprise,
Laughter rippling in her eyes,—
"Combien m'aimez-vous?"

Not a word of French I knew;
But her lovely, blushing face,
Downcast eyes, and simple grace
Furnished me at once a clew.

Quickly back the answer flew
From me, as I kissed her hand,
"Fairest maid in all the land,
Σοῖ ψὰναι δίναμ οὐ."

THE ROSE'S MITE.

A LOVELY rose was nodding
Upon her stem so high;
A tiny bee was flying
Right through the air close by.

Digitized by Google

Just by her very sweetness
The rose her presence told;
The happy bee flew to her,—
The happy bee so bold.

A little bit of sweetness
She gave him then that day,
A little bit of kindness
To help him on his way.

ABBY MARY HALL.

THE PLACE OF LOVE.

LOVE, thou art not alone for gentle dells,
Where summer breezes, sweetly perfumed, breathe
Through heavy branches.
Thy place is also where the winter wind
Roars down the long, bleak hill;
The flying snow
Doth blind the traveller as he strives to gain
The little cottage under the sheltering pines,
Where thou art waiting, Love.

S. C. BRACKETT.

Digitized by Google

THE DEAD ASTRONOMER.

DEAD beneath the stars he lay
Who knew and loved them every one.
Procession-like in sad array,
Each star in passing cast its ray
In pity on him as he lay
In peace and rest, his labors done.

Dead he lay mid gloom of night,
While passing breezes kissed him there,
Where last that met his dimming sight
Was Hill and Campus clothed with light
And radiance from the orbs of night,
And all the loved scenes bright and fair.

"The watchful eyes have closed in sleep,
The tired heart has ceased to beat;
No more they nightly vigils keep,
Nor search the starry fathoms deep;
But rest in quiet, rest and sleep:
Rest, tired brain; rest, weary feet."

Thus whispering breezes murmured low,
Thus seemed the singing stars to say,
As night's dark shadows turned to gray;
Then o'er the hill-tops far away,
With hastening footsteps came the day,
And heaven was lit with morning's glow.

Digitized by Google

Ah, tender power! ah, power sublime!
That holds and keeps each star in place,
That fills all space, that fills all time,
Mid northern snow, mid summer clime,
He who aspires and fain would climb,
In life, in death, may see thy face.

CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN, JR.

A SKEIN OF ZEPHYR.

RONDEAU.

IN a quaint Queen Anne chair,
Dressed in silk and laces rare,
Æsthetic from her eyes of blue
Down to her high-heeled buckled shoe,
A maiden sat, oh, wondrous fair!

A youth sat idly in the glare
Of a lamp of antique ware,
Holding, as many others do,
A skein of zephyr.

She with a graceful, languid air
Wound the zephyr ball with care,
And as the soft ball larger grew,
Into her toils his heart she drew;
So I warn you, youths, beware
A skein of zephyr!

Digitized by Google

THE ROSE'S MESSAGE.

CAN you read in the heart of a rose, love,
A message of love strong and true?
Can you hear in the scent that it gives, love,
A whisper of longing for you?
Can you feel in the petals that fall, love,
That a true heart is pining away?
Can you know in the thorns of the stem, love,
The pain that that heart feels each day?
Will you read the dear message I send, love,
In the roses I lay at your feet?
Oh, believe that the rose heart is mine, love;
Do not spurn it or crush it, my sweet!

MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT.

DANCING THE MINUET.

RAISE thy tender eyes to mine,
As I pause beside thee, fair;
Let thy maiden glances shine
With the shy love lurking there,
As we dance the minuet.

A gentle word of love low spoken,
A stolen glance that love returns;
And my peace forever broken,
While a quenchless passion burns,
As we dance the minuet.

Digitized by Google

Soft the music faintly dies,
As a fair and blushing face,
With its dark, love-beaming eyes,
Smiles on me with nameless grace,
As we dance the minuet.

Do I love thee, maid divine?
Spoken language fails and dies.
As I lift my eyes to thine,
Read my passion in my eyes,
As we dance the minuet.

F. E. E. HAMILTON.

AN AUTUMN WEDDING-SONG.

SOUTHWARD the swallow flies, south to the sun-lands;
The quail calls clear through the rustling corn;
Broad smiles the sun on the bountiful brown-lands,
Whence heavy with fruitage the harvest is borne.

The long lights fall on the mountains and valleys;
And forests, that springtime and summer have fled
With fast-flying feet through their green-vaulted alleys,
Fade into yellow and flame into red.

O south-speeding swallow, pause wing and stay with us;
Pipe merrily, quail, from the rustling corn;
O mountains and valleys, be glad with us, gay with us;
Shine brightly, O sun, for her wedding-morn.

Digitized by Google

Fair are the flowers of May-days and June-days, —
  Dawn-dowered daughters, timid and tall;
Fair are the lilies of August's long noondays;
  But the golden rare harvest is fairest of all.

Then it's oh for the gold of the meadow and woodland!
  It 's oh for the gold of the rustling corn!
And it 's sing for the gold of the sun and the good-land!
  And it 's sing for the gold of her wedding-morn!

ALGERNON TASSIN.

AD IMPUDENTISSIMAM.

AUDACIOUS maid, when thee I meet
  I fain would offer praise,
Compare thy dancing eyes of blue
  To lakes in summer days;

Or else invent some golden name
  For the glory of thy hair,
Liken thy lips to an opening rose,
  Thy throat to a lily fair.

Yet more poetic I 'd become
  If I, alas! might speak;
But thought and speech both fail me
  In wonder at thy cheek.

Digitized by Google

THE SERF'S SECRET.

I KNOW a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

It is that I would fainer be
The little page, on bended knee,
Who stoops to gather up her train
Beneath the porch-lamp's ruby rain
Than hold a realm in fee.

It is that in her scornful eye,
Too hid for courtly sneer to spy,
I saw, one day, a look which said
That I, and only I, might shed
Love-light across her sky.

I know a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

Digitized by Google

BESSIE.

FORM so neat, *très petite*,
That is Bessie, ah! so sweet.
Blue her eyes as bluest skies;
Just a glimpse of Paradise,
Just a glimpse, you know, and that —
That is Bessie.

Light and fair, with modest air,
And with grace so debonair;
Hair in curls; teeth like pearls;
Ah! she is a queen of girls,
A queen of girls, you know, and that —
That is Bessie.

Lips of rose, a cheek that glows,
And a dainty little nose,—
Every part a work of art;
And enshrined within my heart
An image sweet, you know, and that —
That is Bessie.

W. WETHERBEE.

Digitized by Google

VILLON TO HIS MISTRESS.

A. D. 1456.

SWEETHEART, in thee my hopes behold
The image that their dreams foretold;
In thee my longing eyes can trace
The goal of life's unfinished race,—
The earthly prize of heavenly mould.

The yearnings that I felt of old
For world-wide fame and wealth untold
Are now my homage to the grace,
Sweetheart, in thee.

In summer's heat, in winter's cold,
In autumn's glow of red and gold,
The vision of thy radiant face
Reminds my heart in every place
Of all my circling arms enfold,
Sweetheart, in thee.

F. B. W.

"WHEN SILVIA SINGS."

WHEN Silvia sings I seem to hear
More sounds than truly meet the ear,—
Sounds as of sweet and holy things,
A fluttering of angels' wings,
A guardian spirit hovering near;

Digitized by Google

A solemn harmony that springs
From unseen harps with dulcet strings,
And makes dim phantom shapes appear,
When Silvia sings.

The record of a by-gone year,
The memory of a hope, a fear,
Returns in song that throbs and rings
With strange reluctant cadencings,
And dying echoes, faint yet clear,
When Silvia sings.

SAMUEL PITTS DUFFIELD.

BOATING-SONG.

OH, life is fair when the eyes are bright,
And the heart is strong, I trow;
But day is followed by depths of night,
Then merrily heave, ye ho!

Oh, sweet is death when the hair turns gray,
And the pulse grows weak and slow;
For night is followed by golden day,
Then merrily heave, ye ho!

ALBERT M. FREEMAN.

Digitized by Google

WITH ROSES.

WITHIN the box whose gilded sides
Set off the crimson rose which hides
Within the lustre of her hair,
She leaned demurely, sweet and fair,
Long years ago.

You scarce would think her conscious that
She was the soul of him who sat
Within the stalls so trifling gay,
Waiting to hear what the rose would say,
Long years ago.

Smiling to him who o'er her bent,
She kissed the rose, and o'er it sent
A glance,— a Cupid's gay despatch,—
And so the rosebud made the match
Long years ago.

ENVOY.

So read my roses, love, aright;
And when you grace the box to-night,
Pray let them find a soul a-latch,
As did the rose that made the match
Long years ago.

SHEFFIELD PHELPS.

Digitized by Google

A LOVE-MESSAGE.

UPON the day I meet thee face to face
I shall have much to tell thee, for my part;
And thou, dear love, with wise and tender grace
Wilt listen to the story of my heart.

I shall not speak of countless ages past,
Of stars and planets where I sought in vain
My song amid their music sweet and vast,
And missed it with a subtle sense of pain.

I shall not tell thee how it fled from me
Through births and deaths and spaces lone and far,
And evermore through Being's tidal sea
I followed still my song's on-beck'ning star.

I shall not tell thee e'en one word of this,—
Perhaps in mine own self I shall not know,
Such pain will flee for aye at thy first kiss,
As summer's sunshine melts the weeping snow.

But I shall sing my song, mine own true song,—
My heart shall sing it at the sight of thee,
Until the list'ning angels nearer throng,
And pause in hushed and silent ecstasy.

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES.

Digitized by Google

ROYALTY.

IN purple and fine linen
My country farm-house shines,—
The purple on the lilacs,
The linen on the lines.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

GHOSTS.

THERE are no ghosts. Could they return to earth
To fright their friends with eerie laughs,
They would not waste their time in idle mirth, —
They would erase their epitaphs.

HOW CAME THE HOLLY BERRIES RED?

'TWAS long ago, the legends say,
Sir Roderick gave a party gay
On Christmas night at Lynden Hall;
And ladies fair and gallants tall,
And lord and matron old and gray,
Came, one and all,
To Roderick's Hall.

The Yule log blazed and burned and roared,
And flames and sparks up chimney soared;
In festoons gay the holly swung,
The mistletoe demurely hung
From arches o'er the festal board,
And shyly clung
Where bright lights hung.

Digitized by Google

The holly's berries, pale and white, —
And not, as now, so red and bright, —
  Were woven with the mistletoe,
  And hung just where — now you must know
What surely haps on Christmas night
    If maiden go
    'Neath mistletoe.

And when beneath this magic spray
Fair Gladys happ'd perchance to stray,
  Up quickly stepped a gallant knight,
  And kissed her there, as was his right;
And all the legends truly say
    That ne'er did knight
    Give kiss so light.

The holly berries overhead
Grew rosy, and turned crimson red;
  For when they saw the rosy hue
  On Gladys' cheek, what could they do
But drop and blush? So rosy red,
    In blushing too,
    The holly grew.

CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN, JR.

PROMENADING PSYCHOLOGY.

"THE ego, non-ego, the body, the soul" —
  I wonder if she has a heart, —
"The concept, sensorium, body, the whole," —
  I can't keep these meanings apart!

Digitized by Google

"The ego, non-ego" — such sweet little ways,
And the touch of her hand in the waltz, —
A million, cotillion, my mind 's in a maze, —
"The concept" — Jack says she is false.

"The concept — the concept" — where *did* I leave off?
"Sensorium, body, body, the mind" —
She 's a sweet little sinner, for all they may scoff, —
"Sensori" — the devil! — I 'm not near so blind.

"The ego, non-ego" — did Prex ever dream
That a waltz lurked concealed in this line?
"Perception, the sense" — I know she may seem —
The devil! the clock! well, flunking is fine!

F. K. CURTIS.

ROSE AT IT AGAIN.

ROSE kissed me to-day,
Who will kiss her to-morrow?
That 's always the way, —
When she kisses to-day,
I ask with dismay,
Not unmixed with sorrow:
Rose kissed me to-day,
Who will kiss her to-morrow?

MITCHELL D. FOLLANSBEE.

Digitized by Google

THE HOMEWARD ROAD.

THROUGH memory's haze
There often strays
A tender thought of other days;
I see again
The village lane
That wandered through the wooded plain;
And most I love, of memory's train,
Its pleasant shade and quiet ways.

When to the height
The fading light
Made from the vale its evening flight,
With merry tread
I gayly sped
Along the road that homeward led;
And there a kindly radiance shed
The lights of home into the night.

I never knew
How deep and true
A welcome did its glow imbue,
But after-years
Of smiles and tears
Have taught me how that love-light cheers;
And brighter still its beam appears,
The farther off the long-lost view.

CHARLES CAPRON MARSH.

Digitized by Google

THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

DOROTHY 's daintily dressed for the dance,
Gay in her grandmother's gown,
Made long ago from the fashions of France,
A relic of Paris renown.
Hearts will be battered and broken
Ere Dolly abandons the ball,
Vows will be fervently spoken,
For Dorothy 's belle of the ball.

Musing, I marvel how grandmother, too,
Danced in those dignified days,
Leading her lover so gracefully through
The minuet's intricate maze.
Lovers like Dolly's were plenty,
Wishing to woo her and wed;
Grandfather won her at twenty, —
Lucky man, every one said.

Lucky, had Dorothy's grandmother been
A beauty of Dorothy's class, —
Lucky, I echo, to woo her and win;
Lucky to love such a lass.
He won her. I bear him no malice;
'T is only the sweetest of wine
I drain as I drink from my chalice,
For Dorothy loves me, — she 's mine.

J. P. DENISON.

Digitized by Google

SOME tangled hair,
With ribbons there;
Eyes underneath, half hidden,
Of lips a pair
That have an air
Of whilom fruit in Eden;
A winsome face,
A dainty grace,
A few square yards of muslin;
A little art,
A broken heart, —
By Jove, I own it 's puzzlin'.

DETERMINATION.

DID you ever love a maid
Who called herself quite staid,
And said you must not hold her hand or seize it?
Whose smile was yet so sweet,
And whose pretty hand *petite*
Just filled you with a mad desire to squeeze it?

One whose rosy little cheek
Seemed to bid you come and seek
What the pouting, dainty lips forbade you?
Whose sparkling, dancing eye
Seemed daring you to try,
Till you had a wild desire to, — say, had you?

Digitized by Google

I will own I am in love
With a maiden as above,
And I 'll tell you now a secret, — it is this:
Next time the pretty creature
With every piquant feature
Seems to tempt me, I shall steal from her a kiss!

WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.

ANTONINA.

SEE Antonina playing her guitar,
With taper fingers straying o'er the strings
Which breathe soft-sounding chords, that, trembling far
Into the night, are borne on airy wings.

But Antonina's music is more rare;
For with her eyes — the fingers of her soul —
She plays upon men's heart-strings: friend, beware!
For snapping of one string she naught does care;
Nay, were they all to break, she 'd toss her hair
And seek for more to make her music whole.

H. A. BOYNE.

THE MARK OF THE ROSE.

I OPENED the book before me, —
Between its leaves there lay
A rose, all withered and dried and dead,
Whose fragrance had passed away.

Digitized by Google

The rose was brown and dull,
  But I saw a faint red stain,
For the page was marked with the rose's blood
  On the spot where it long had lain.

And now the book of my life
  Lies open before my eyes;
There too I find a treasured rose,
  And crowding fancies rise.

And this rose may fade and die,
  And its perfume vanish away;
But its mark on the pages of my heart
  Shall last forever and aye.

H. T. KINGSBURY.

LAUDO PUELLAM.

O CHRISTMAS girl, whose dainty feet
  To-night so rhythmically beat
In mazes of this Yule-tide dance,
  How, when I catch your laughing glance,
How can I help your charms repeat?

Safe 'sconced in this old window-seat,
Behind these friendly curtains, sweet,
  'T were just enough to hold thy hands,
    O Christmas girl.

I might say words in this retreat,
Where light and darkness seem to meet,

Digitized by Google

To raise faint blushes to enhance
The beauty of thy cheek perchance, —
With thee life's joys were all complete,
O Christmas girl.

H. A. RICHMOND.

THREE SAILOR-BOYS.

THREE fair-haired youths sailed out to sea,
John and James and little Willyum;
And they were sick as sick could be,
John and James and little Willyum.
Said James: "This is bad."
Said John: "This is sad."
But little Willyum, he said: "Gol dum."

These fair-haired youths were led to smile,
John and James and little Willyum;
For they hoped that liquor might calm their bile,
John and James and little Willyum.
Said John: "Currant wine."
Said James: "Cider 's mine."
But little Willyum, he said: "Drink rum."

These fair-haired youths got safe to shore,
John and James and little Willyum;
And they swore an oath that they 'd sail no more,
John and James and little Willyum.
John went to his bed,
James went to be fed;
But little Willyum, he went on a bum.

Digitized by Google

THE SOPHOMORE.

À LA TROUBADOUR.

SO the Freshmen aped and bored him,
And the maidens all adored him,
Dancing in the mystic moonlight in their gay æsthetic moods,
While he sang the merry rondeau,
Still a-thrumming on his banjo,
As he poised himself artistic in his graceful attitudes.

Thus a-humming and a-thrumming,
And a-wooing and a-cooing,
Dealing dainties by the dozen and his lagers by the score,
While the glamour of his manner
Vouched his elegance of grammar,—
Ah, so festive, gay, and happy was the merry Sophomore.

FLIRTATION.

FLITTING fancy, blithe and free,
Often have I thought of thee!
How we sat by babbling brook,
Sunny meadow, shady nook.
Hazel eyes looked into mine,
Soulful, rapturous, divine.

Digitized by Google

Every glance and every sigh, —
Actions thou might now deny, —
Speechless speech, unspoken vow, —
These were darts from Eros' bow!
Flitting fancy, blithe and free,
Dost thou love as I love thee?

Gentle youth, so gay and free,
Seldom have I thought of thee;
How we sat by babbling brook,
Sunny field or shady nook.
Dark blue eyes looked into mine, —
They were roguish, not divine!

Every glance and every sigh, —
Actions you *cannot* deny, —
Were only efforts made in vain!
Cupid's arts we cannot feign:
Both were guilty, don't you see?
Love you? No, nor dost thou me.

FREDERICK STANLEY CAMP.

AUNT PHŒBE'S REMONSTRANCE.

MY *missis!* You gwine to marry *her*, you say!
'Fo' Gord, now, marster, you 's foolin' me, I knows.
Gwine tek dat little chile o' ourn away!
Why, she ain't nuthin' mo'n a chile!
You go back home and wait awhile,
Untel she grows.

Digitized by Google

Why, marster, 't wa'n't but little while ergo
Dat I fuss hel' her in ole missis' room.
An' now you tells me she 's done grow'd up? Sho!
Dat chile ain't no mo' fittin' fer
To marry you, I tell you, sir,
Dan dis here broom.

She sholy was a fine-raised chile, I knows,
Kaze I help raise her, sir; I brung her up.
When she wa'n't mo'n ten years ole, I s'pose,
Ole miss use' stan' her by de wall,
'N' she 'd say de twelb commandments all
Without a stop.

An' when I use' to tek her up to bade
Jes' sharp at eight,— old miss wus punkshall, sho,—
I 'd tek her in my lap an' comb her hade,
An' den I 'd tell de stories to her
'Bout raslin' Jacob an' marse Noah
An' his rainbow.

One day ole marster tuck her off to school,
Whar de gret folks had dere chillen larn.
When she come back, she 'd set on dat dar stool,
'N' play dat piany tell it soun'
Fit like Brer Gabriel done come down
Here wid his harn.

An' now you 's gwine to tek my chile away?
What 's me 'n' ole miss gwine do widout her den?
What make dat you cyarnt come down here an' stay?

Digitized by Google

Gwine tek dat preshus lam' wid you
Fum miss and her ole mammy, too —
Say, marster, when?

Not 'fo' nex' fall! Oh, thank de Lord ob Grace!
Kaze we 's gwine hab her fer a little while!
When she 's done gone, 't won't be de same ole place;
But we befo' de Lord mus' bow —
Thankee, marster, — lemme go now
An' fin' my chile.

R. F. WILLIAMS, JR.

FALLING STARS.

WHENE'ER a man commits a sin
Tears fall from angel eyes,
And that is why sometimes there fall
Bright stars across the skies.

BAYARD DOMINICK, JR.

SOUL SHADOW.

IF the shadow this body casts
Is blacker than mined coal,
How dark as a thousand buried pasts
The shadow of a soul!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Digitized by Google

ELEANOR.

I DO not think she loves me yet,
Her glance meets mine direct and free;
Its very sweetness seems to set
A bar between herself and me.

I never touched her lips with mine,
I dare not dream I ever may;
Still when I come her eyes will shine,
And soften when I go away.

Some hours I cannot well forget,
Perhaps she may remember too.
I know I loved her when we met,
She never seemed as others do.

I loved to watch her flushing cheek,
Her soft hair carelessly astray,
To see her smile, to hear her speak,
And still have loved her every day.

I do not think she loves me yet,
I dare not think she ever may;
I know I loved her when we met,
And still have loved her every day.

J. H. BOYNTON.

Digitized by Google

A FAN PAINTED BY WATTEAU.

OLD ivory and yellow lace;
A landscape flushed with early day,
Aurora's rouged and roguish face
Reflected in the beryl bay
Mid waves that blandly bow away,
Green-liveried, bewigged with snow, —
We hold within a fan's display
The courtly world of old Watteau.

With amorous and tender grace
The Triton pipes a virelay,
The argent-breasted nymph we trace
Through flying folds that stream astray
As slyly trained to half betray, —
The ribboned flock before her go;
The beach is oft a pasture-way
In courtly world of old Watteau.

Oh, homely world whereon we pace,
Where love scarce rhymes a roundelay,
Where robes conceal, and men are base,
And evening skies absurdly gay,
And crudely green, as sighs Boucher,
Devoid of art the grasses grow, —
Roll back, and bring within to-day
The courtly world of old Watteau!

Digitized by Google

ENVOY.

And, loveliest, thou month of May,
E'en thou, supreme, wouldst fail to show
From willow veil and hawthorn spray
The courtly world of old Watteau.

B. B. W.

AT CHURCH.

TWO idle eyes, 'neath lashes fine,
Wander about with sly design
In service-time, and make me feel
A strange enchantment o'er me steal,
As tho' they cast some secret sign.

The meaning I would fain divine;
I long to worship at this shrine,
Where silken lashes will reveal
Two idol eyes.

Like sunny skies are they that shine,
And shed their softest beams benign
On me, who with a suppliant's zeal
Would eagerly before them kneel,
To idolize.

S. T. LIVINGSTON.

Digitized by Google

MY PHYLLIS.

MY Phyllis, O my Phyllis,
Oh, have you seen her, say?
A little maiden still at school,
I meet her ev'ry day.
'T is true I do not know her name,
But then I love her all the same, —
One cannot love by any rule,
My Phyllis, my sweet Phyllis.

My Phyllis, O my Phyllis,
With cunning glove of tan,
With your sunshade brightest scarlet,
With fascinating fan,
The glances in your eye that lurk
Go forth, ah me! to fatal work, —
You dainty, dangerous coquette,
My Phyllis, lovely Phyllis.

My Phyllis, O my Phyllis,
I 'd fain indeed be wise;
I know your ev'ry wile, you see,
And yet before those eyes
I 'm glad to stand a target, too,
And only beg just this of you
Whom I adore, — that you 'll love me,
My Phyllis, darling Phyllis.

WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.

Digitized by Google

DOWN THE ROAD TO SALLY'S.

DOWN the road to Sally's,
Fast and deep,
The shadows creep
O'er the hills and valleys;
Sun has set,
And no moon yet
Lights the road to Sally's.

Be it night
Or daylight bright,
Ne'er the old mare dallies;
Well she knows
The way she goes,
And the road to Sally's.

Maiden fair
With golden hair —
Sunlight with it tallies —
Waits for me,
And her I 'll see
Down the road to Sally's.

Sally's eyes
Are like the skies
When the sunshine rallies;
How they 'll smile
When this last mile
Ends the road to Sally's!

CHARLES CAPRON MARSH.

Digitized by Google

HER PROGRAMME OF DANCE.

THIS little blue card I found on the floor,
A record of promenade dances,
A mute reminiscence of days that are o'er,
A witness of dancing romances!
This little blue card, all covered with names
That breathe forth a gentle reminder
Of one among all that fair concourse of dames
Who has left a heart aching behind her;
So I picked up the card and put it away
With a ribbon, a verse, and a letter, —
All four of them tokens that speak of the day,
That first fatal day when I met her.

ALFRED L. SPENCER.

WISHES.

A VILLAGE cart and a pretty girl,
A ride o'er a hardened road,
A pleasant chat and a stolen kiss,
With your arm placed *à la mode*.

A royal day with a smiling sky,
A trim little horse to drive,
And a whispered "Yes" that makes you just
The happiest man alive.

H. W. BANKS.

Digitized by Google

TO PRUE.

A VILLANELLE.

DO you love me, Mistress Prue?
Answer with your shy, soft eyes, —
Eyes, not lips, speak ever true.

That I loved, you surely knew;
That I loved is no surprise, —
Do you love me, Mistress Prue?

Tell me, sweetheart, if you do!
Look up once, and sorrow flies, —
Eyes, not lips, speak ever true.

Love is old, yet always new;
Time to kill it vainly tries, —
Do you love me, Mistress Prue?

Eyes that mock the sea's deep blue,
Eyes that plead like tender sighs, —
Eyes, not lips, speak ever true.

Ah! I know you love me, Prue,
Love-lights laugh down in your eyes, —
Do you love me, Mistress Prue?
Eyes, not lips, speak ever true.

A. B. HOUGHTON.

Digitized by Google

ON SOME ROSES SENT ANONYMOUSLY.

WHO sent you to me, roses rare?
And why, pray, blush?
Say, is she not a maiden fair?
I will not hush.

You thought to keep her name from me, —
Nay, do not start;
A traitor in the camp, you see.
Who told? — My heart.

TWIN JEWELS.

ROGUISH, laughing, saucy eyes;
Merry, twinkling, gleaming eyes;
Now with mocking glances daunting,
Or with coyest love-looks taunting;
Ever luring, yet repelling,
Half revealing, never telling
They are mine.

Tender, loving, soulful eyes;
Joyous, radiant, happy eyes;
Now with love's sweet passion beaming,
Glorious love-light through them streaming;
Often tear-dimmed, never saddened,
As of one with joy o'er-gladdened:
They are mine.

Digitized by Google

A BALL-ROOM MADRIGAL.

I SING not of beauties of nature,
Of flowers which beautify
Some arbored nook in the woodland,
Or the tints of the sunset sky.
But thoughts of a certain evening
To my throbbing brain now throng,
And e'en, as they throng, comes their echo,
This lightsome ball-room song.

Oh, when is a maiden more lovely,
Or when doth a subtler grace
Steal over her than when attired
In snowy-white tulle and lace?
When a perfume is wafted toward you
As you turn in the mazy dance,—
A perfume intoxicating
As the wines of Southern France.

Ah, well I remember one evening,
Which memory 'll ever hold dear,
When I listened to music entrancing,
And the lights of the chandelier
Shed a halo that seemed beatific
O'er the maids in the festooned hall,
And among them, dark-eyed and flushing,
Was Betina, the fairest of all.

Digitized by Google

As I danced with Betina that evening,
And drank in the violin's wine,
And wished that the dance were forever,
Once she lifted her eyes to mine.
"A love of a dance," she whispered,
With a half-regretful sigh;
But, alas! as I felt my heart throbbing,
"A dance of love," thought I.

W. C. NICHOLS.

THE HIGH-BACKED CHAIR.

I.

LOOK at it carefully, Jim, old man!
Quaint old specimen, don't you think?
Praise its shape, if you really can,—
It has a history! (Take a drink.)
Grandmother's mother sat in it first,
Sweeter bride there never was seen:
There in the picture her lips seem athirst
For kisses; she had them full oft, I ween.

II.

Grandmamma sat in it on the day
That *she* was married; they put a crown
Of roses upon her; the gossips say
Her beauty made her the talk of the town.
And in her parlor she placed it, where
It shone resplendent for many years;

Digitized by Google

Till fashions changed, and the quaint old chair
Met with mocking, and suffered sneers.

III.

They carried it up and they stored it away
Under the eaves in the garret bare;
And rummaging round mid the books one day,
I found and seized it,— the high-backed chair.
I 've taken it here to my college room,
I 've placed it primly against the wall;
I sit and muse in the twilight gloom
On the brides who have graced it,— lovely and tall.

ENVOY.

And, Jim, dear boy, I think there 's a spell
That resides in that chair, which I mean to try
Next Class-day evening on Mar— Oh, well,
On some girl or other, when no one 's by.

T. P. SANBORN.

SAILING.

FAIR Luna shines bright,
Pouring soft mellow light
On the deck and each shimmering sail;
The night breezes sigh,
The foam eddies by,
As the seas swell along the lee rail.

Digitized by Google

From the rigging aloft
Comes a melody soft,
Like the strings of a harp gently pressed;
While the tinkling flow
In our wake as we go
Makes a lullaby soothing to rest.

Then bid care take its flight,
We 'll be happy to-night
As we dreamily steal o'er the tide;
For the joys of to-day
We must grasp while we may,
Ere they sink in life's ocean so wide.

RALPH D. PAINE.

DRINKING-SONG.

YOU may say that Lachrymæ Christi
Is a potion most divine;
You may praise the wine of Asti,
Or claret of '59;
You may talk of your golden sherry,
Of Heidseck, dry and clear, —
But a good drink and a merry
Is plain Milwaukee beer.

'T is a strong yet mild potation, —
But let that merit pass, —
Its noblest commendation
Is — "Just five cents a glass!"

Digitized by Google

Away with your costly Rhenish!
With Chablis, good but dear,
And, waiter, my glass replenish
With plain Milwaukee beer.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND—"

THE rain is pouring down,
And muddy is the street;
There seems no one in town
But a watchman on his beat.

As on my window-seat
Ennui I try to drown,
The rain is pouring down,
And muddy is the street.

But ah! a form in brown!
A crossing she must meet
She coyly lifts her gown,
Two daintiest of feet —
The rain is pouring down,
And muddy is the street.

W. L. KITCHEL.

Digitized by Google

A CONSTANT HEART.

LET him who will sing Beauty's praise,
In honeyed word and heated phrase
Her virtues tell;
But thou, my muse, thy accents raise
To sing that star of quenchless rays, —
A constant heart!

Ah, well may Beauty please us when
Fond Peace to Mirth looks love again,
And all is bright;
But when dull Care and Sorrow blend
T' oppress my soul, oh, give me then
A constant heart!

When summer skies and smiling seas
Bring gladness to my hours of ease,
Let Beauty smile:
With sadder days my soul there 'll seize
A longing naught but thou 'lt appease,
A constant heart!

How soon upon Time's widening sea
Do Beauty's charms take wings and flee,
By Care o'ercome!
Mid billows of adversity,
Then brighter still thy beams will be,
O constant heart!

Digitized by Google

When dark and drear my life-road seems,
And Hope withholds her precious gleams,
I 'll sadly muse;
Then like the smiles of angels beams
A vision bright that comes in my dreams,
Of a constant heart!

Then sing I not vain Beauty's praise, —
A thing that fades with summer days
And soon is gone;
But through life's dubious gloomy maze
Be thou my star of quenchless rays,
O constant heart!

F. CLAY.

THE UNSEEN DEPTHS.

WHAT do I see in the burning coals
Still glowing so red in the grate,
While roaming toward dreamland's mysterious gate
Through fiery cavernous holes?
Nothing. It steadily burns and glows,
As darkness comes and the evening goes,
Except that once in a long, long while
A white ash drops from the fiery pile,
And then all is bright again.

What do I see in the dark brown eyes
Now looking up into my face,
The pathways most secret I love to trace,
Where more than a wonderland lies?

Digitized by Google

Nothing. They always are laughing and bright
With that wonderland's soft and lovely light,
Except when once in a long, long while
A sad look veils their happy smile, —
And then all is bright again.

W. C. LANGDON, JR.

A DRESDEN SHEPHERDESS.

AH! you are fair, I must confess,
My pretty, blue-eyed shepherdess, —
Too fair, alas! not to adore;
And yet, though wooed for years a score,
You still refuse me a caress.

But in that dainty, charming dress
You seem too sweet to e'er distress
A lover's heart — (list, I implore!)
Ah! you are fair.

Who could believe you pitiless?
That laughing pout, that wanton tress
Proclaim you true. Can I say more?
Ah me! I knew you well of yore,
And — now adieu, fair shepherdess!
(Ah! you are fair.)

A. B. HOUGHTON.

Digitized by Google

TO ALLIE.

ADOWN the crags o' high Montrine
The deer they lo'e to sally;
'T is there I go, be 't rain or shine,
To meet my bonnie Allie.

The banks o' ripplin' Doon are fair,
And pleasant 't is to dally
Beneath the shade o' hawthorns there
While waitin' for my Allie.

Frae 'tween the clouds the sun peeps out
And lightens hill and valley,
Just as my heart is lightened up
By the sweet smile o' my Allie.

EDGAR ALLEN BROWN

DI'S MITTEN.

THO' a crumpled glove it be,
Yet 't is precious, — just to me;
It was Di's.
And the little hand that wore it,
Heavens, did I not adore it!
With what sighs
Have I pressed those finger-tips,
Longing to try with my lips
Sweeter prize!

Digitized by Google

Such a darling little shape,
Just the hand you want to take
In your own,
And to call the owner dear, too,
While you 're sitting very near, too,
And alone.
If a man will try and see,
He will find to love he 'll be
Very prone.

She was very sweet and shy
When I whispered, " Lovely Di,
Be mine, love ! "
When her pretty hand I sought, too,
When I thought her fairly caught, too,
She fled from me with a start,
Gave me smiling, not her heart,
But her glove.

WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.

TWO SEASONS.

LAST.

OFT through the summer vacation
We played — the fair Clara and I —
Love games o'er the net of our tennis,
With glances enticingly shy.

Digitized by Google

THIS.

This season again we play tennis
Together through many a set;
But now we always play double
'Gainst the world just over the net.

CLARENCE B. BURLEIGH.

CONCERNING TABITHA'S DANCING THE MINUET.

TABITHA, sweet Tabitha, I never can forget,
And how the music sounded, and how our glances met,
When underneath the swinging lamps we danced the minuet.

The stately bow, the dainty poise, and in the music slips.
Did she linger for an instant while I held her finger-tips,
And wondered if she 'd ever let me touch them to my lips?

And Tabitha wore powdered hair and dressed in quaint brocade,
A tiny patch on either cheek just where the dimple played;
The little shoe I noticed, too, and clocks, I am afraid.

Digitized by Google

The music ceased, I led her softly smiling to the door;
A pause, a rustling courtesy down almost to the floor,
And Tabitha, sweet Tabitha, mine eyes beheld no more.

I 've trod in many measures since with widow, wife, and maid,
In every kind of satin, silk, and spangled lace arrayed,
And through it all I heard the fall of Tabitha's brocade.

ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.

MY CHRISTMAS CARD.

A DAINTY bit of satin,
A pencil poised in air,
A pretty face upturned,
A faint smile playing there.

"A design for my card," quoth she,
"Something sweet and rare;
A bit of art with meaning,
Exquisite, debonair."

I seized the pencil quickly,
And drew with reverend care
The face I saw before me, —
The sweetest, rarest there.

G. B. FOWLER.

Digitized by Google

TRYSTING.

SHROUDED by the evening shadows
Gently falling,
Kindly hiding
From intruders, we were resting
In our place of quiet trysting.

Near my own a heart was beating,
Softly telling,
In its throbbing
(In my warm embrace reclining),
Of a love beyond defining.

But the shadows lade with dampness,
Deeper falling,
Plainly calling,
Tell us shelter were far better
For myself and Irish setter.

F. W. HART.

RONDEAU.

A RUINED rose, — I hold it so,
Up by its broken stem, and lo!
In fibrous heart and shredded sheath
The record of my lady's teeth
Who frayed it thus an hour ago.

Digitized by Google

I asked too much, it may be, though
She needed not such meed bestow,
Nor to my wounded heart bequeath
A ruined rose.

But time will even all, I know,
And when a few more years shall show
Fair maidens gleaned from hall and heath
To round my beauty's changeful wreath,
My lady proud will lie below, —
A ruined rose.

SONG.

THERE are days when the sun shines warm and bright,
When the skies are clear and blue,
When the earth is filled with joy and light,
And hearts are strong and true.
Love, I love thee, and thee only,
Thee and thee alone.
What is sunshine, storm, or rain?
What is sorrow, joy, or pain?
Love is all our own.

There are days when the sun is hid away,
When the clouds conceal the blue,
When the world seems dull and old and gray,
And loving hearts are few.

Digitized by Google

Love, I love thee, and thee only,
Thee, and thee alone.
What is sunshine, storm, or rain?
What is sorrow, joy, or pain?
Love is all our own.

. . . . . .

But whether the world be gay and bright,
Or dull and blind with rain,
My heart, in spite of sorrow or joy,
Sings ever the old refrain.
Love, I love thee, and thee only,
Thee, and thee alone.
What is sunshine, storm, or rain?
What is sorrow, joy, or pain?
Love is all our own.

EMELYN BATTERSBY HARTRIDGE.

THE ROSE'S PLAINT.

THOUGH they whisper, he and May,
I can hear each word they say;
For I rest,

Clinging to the ball-room's queen,
Mid the lace and silken sheen
At her breast.

Digitized by Google

"Give me but that rose of thine,
I will build for it a shrine
Near my heart."

From my bed she draws me out,
For a moment seems in doubt, —
Then we part.

In his waistcoat crushed I lie, —
Mid cigars and purse I die;
E'er the day,

Am forgotten, and e'er night,
Trophy of a conquest light,
Thrown away.

F. B. H.

IN JUNIOR YEAR.

IN Junior year, ah, fancies light,
The soul unfettered, spirits bright!
Dwells aught of doubt or fear or night
In Junior year?

The storms of boyhood's age are past,
Youth's doubts and fears away are cast,
And budding manhood blooms at last,
In Junior year.

Digitized by Google

Desiring but ourselves to please,
On every impulse light we seize;
We smoke and take the world with ease,
In Junior year.

But mid the smoke wreaths as they rise,
With light as soft as evening skies,
There often smiles a pair of eyes,
In Junior year.

And as at dawn the brightness breaks
With quickening glow o'er summer lakes,
So love within the heart awakes,
In Junior year.

WILLIAM GRANT BARNEY.

A MONARCH OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire —
BÉRANGER.

AS soon as winter's snow and sleet
Have melted in the summer glow,
Once more adown the lukewarm street
You 'll hear his tread, sedate and slow.
His coat is fashioned Brummel-wise,
His stock and snuff-box wondrous seem;
In all his guise you recognize
A Monarch of the Old Régime.

Digitized by Google

He pauses at the flower-stand
To buy his daily *boutonnière*,
And haply with his withered hand,
That once was counted passing fair,
He pats the cheek of Mam'selle Rose,
Whose pleasant eyes upon him beam;
Then blows a kiss as off he goes, —
A Monarch of the Old Régime.

Time was when rose-wreaths crowned his brow,
His laugh was light, his smile divine,
And many a fluttering heart, I trow,
Burnt incense at that kingly shrine.
But they have faded in the past,
Like shadows of a ghostly dream;
Alone of all he lingers last,
A Monarch of the Old Régime.

The gauntlet still to Age he flings,
The kindly smile still lights his face,
And all about his being clings
The perfume of an old-time grace.
Salute him, then, with friendly eye,
Respect each trait'rous line and seam·
He was a king in days gone by,
A Monarch of the Old Régime.

F. M. MICHAEL.

Digitized by Google

"SOMEBODY."

SOMEBODY told me, one bright summer day,—
Was he in earnest, or only in play?—
"You 're an angel, my darling!" I turn'd half away,
But I could n't say, "No, sir." Could you?

Somebody said that the moments were bliss
Spent by the side of a certain young miss;
Then somebody teased for "Just one little kiss,"
And I could n't say, "No, sir." Could you?

Somebody told me he wanted a wife,
To be only somebody's all through her life;
And somehow I yielded without any strife,
For I could n't say, "No, sir." Could you?

FINLAND LOVE-SONG.

FAR off in the north the bright lights glow,
Darting their gleamings o'er deserts of snow;
Swift as their flashes my reindeer go,
Swift to my waiting love.

Around me there whistles the cold winter blast,
The lights fade away, the clouds thicken fast;
But soon I 'll be there, all peril safe past,
At the side of my waiting love.

Digitized by Google

Then heigh-ho, reindeer! heigh-ho, twinkling feet!
Yet quicker, yet faster; be swift, be fleet!
That soon in sweet rapture my own shall meet
The lips of my waiting love.

OBLIVION'S GATE.

I MET the Old Year in the night,
Hurrying up a mountain height,
Fleeing, as from a world of woe,
The wretchedness that reigned below.
He paused a moment in his flight;
I seized his hand so wan and white.
"Tell me," I said, "what hast thou there
In that urn so old and rare?"
He showed me that 't was filled with parts
Of ruined hopes and broken hearts,
Tears, curses, sighs, and useless vows,—
The things which misery allows
To man to voice his mad remorse
At being thwarted in his course.
As he fled with redoubled haste
Up the mountain's dreary waste,
I cried, "Wherefore dost thou hasten so
Toward the realms of ice and snow?"
No reply he vouchsafed me,
But in the dim light I could see
Him pointing upward and afar,
Where, guided by a dying star,
I saw Oblivion's Gate ajar.

FRANK MADISON LARNED.

Digitized by Google

LA VESUVIANA.

DANCING, tripping, light as air,
Comes my dainty lassie fair;
Blue her eyes, and gold her hair,—
Such a darling, sweet and rare,
La Vesuviana!

As she trips adown the room,
Half in sunlight, half in gloom,
Like a flower just in bloom,
Sure my heart breaks all in tune
To La Vesuviana.

Now I spring up with delight,
Seize her ere she thinks of flight,
And so in gray and misty light
Hearts and hands we then unite.
Vive La Vesuviana!

REBE S. WEBB.

THREE TRIOLETS.

HE (*aside*).

SHE looks "up to it," quite,
Just a kiss before parting;
If I read her aright,
She looks "up to it," quite,

Digitized by Google

Just one kiss — for good-night;
Dare I try before starting?
She looks "up to it," quite,
Just a kiss before parting.

SHE (*aside*).

Oh, why *are* men so slow?
Can't he see that I 'm waiting?
Dear! he 's rising to go.
Oh, why *are* men so slow?
If he *could* only know,
He 'd not stand there debating.
Oh, why *are* men so slow?
Can't he *see* that I 'm waiting?

BOTH (*several minutes later*).

Where 's the harm in a kiss,
Just one kiss for good-night?
If it comes down to this,
Where 's the harm in a kiss?
We 're quite sure naught 's amiss,
If you take it aright;
Where 's the harm in a kiss,
Just one kiss for good-night?

JOHN ALAN HAMILTON.

Digitized by Google

THE JEALOUS ROSE.

I.

RAVISH my beauty, O wind, O breeze,
Scatter my petals wide
Over the prairies and over the seas, —
Over the seas,
Where the great ships ride;
Over the seas,
Where the storms abide,
Scatter my petals wide.

II.

For he kissed my lips when the east was red, —
I awoke with a blush and start;
But he kissed me again, breathing, "My love," —
Breathing, "My love,
Do I know thy heart?"
Breathing, "My love,
We will never part,
Never, — never part."

III.

But a woman fair, O wind, O breeze,
With eyes of a morn in May,
Came out of a land that is over the seas, —
Over the seas,
Where the sky is gray;
Over the seas,
Where the winters stay,
And stole his love away.

Digitized by Google

IV.

And my heart is broken, O wind, O breeze,
My petals are shrivelled and pale;
And ye bring no balm to give me ease, —
To give me ease,
As my life-springs fail;
To give me ease,
As my branches trail,
And my petals are shrivelled and pale.

V.

Ravish my beauty, O wind, O breeze,
Scatter my petals wide
Over the prairies and over the seas, —
Over the seas,
Where the great ships ride;
Over the seas,
Where the storms abide,
Scatter my petals wide.

WON THE POT.

THAT little hand!
I hold it firm in mine,
And scan its outlines fine.
My eyes expand,
And grow with love intense and strong;
I gaze upon it fond and long,
That little hand!

Digitized by Google

That little hand!
It is so smooth, so pure and white,
And covered o'er with diamonds quite,
In beauty grand.
Oh, how I love it! See me press
It to my lips in fond caress,
That little hand!

That little hand!
There are no others fair as you!
I lay you down, and gladly too,
With manner bland.
It was a diamond flush and straight!
Soon may I hold its charming mate!
That little hand!

J. R.

ON THE STAIRS.

WE were seated after dancing
On the stairs.
He, before I could forbid it,
Stole a rose ere yet I missed it,
And as fervently he kissed it
Swiftly in his pocket hid it,
Unawares.

We were resting after dancing
On the stairs.
I had said that he should rue it,
And a lecture I intended,

Digitized by Google

Which I think he apprehended;
Yet he kissed me e'er I knew it,
Unawares.

We were silent after dancing
On the stairs.
I had stormed with angry feeling,
But he spoke love, never heeding;
And my eyes fell 'neath his pleading,
All my depth of love revealing
Unawares.

FLY, LITTLE LETTER.

FLY, little letter,
Say I know better,
Tell him I know he is faithful and true;
I was weary with waiting,
But never was hating
The lover I love, if he love me too.

Fly, little letter,
Say to our debtor
Many a word he is owing us two;
Tell him I need him,
Urge him, and speed him
Quick to the payment of debts overdue.

Digitized by Google

Fly, little letter,
Say she has set her
Heart on his coming to see her to-night;
Say to the rover,
Never a lover
Found mistress fonder than I 'll be to-night.

Fly, little letter,
Weave the soft fetter, —
Fetter of kisses I fold in my heart;
Kisses to speed him,
Draw him, and lead him, —
Kiss-linked chains sure never can part.

W. C. C.

AT THE WINDOW.

SO you were sitting and singing,
As the evening chimes were ringing,
At the window there;
And the quaint old-fashioned shading
Of the window-curtains fading
Made a picture rare.

Long I stood and looked and listened
While the dying sunbeams glistened
In your golden hair;
Till the shades of night up-creeping
Took you into their own keeping
I stood watching there.

Digitized by Google

Often since in vain I 've waited,
Thinking that you were belated,
Watching for my fair;
But the quaint old-fashioned shading
Of the window-curtains fading
Only mocked me there.

HENRY RICHARD FOSTER.

NATURE'S POEM.

DAME Nature once in godlike mood
Was with poetic fire imbued;
So, calling to her aid each Grace
That lived in secret woody place,
She robbed the roses of their hues,
She stole the freshness of the dews,
Their purity from lilies took,
Their perfumes from the violets shook;
And thus with her wild offsprings' aid
Was Nature's perfect poem made.

Such grace it had she could not bear
To see it lying lifeless there, —
With glowing breath she made it human,
And called her fairest poem Woman.

F. S. PALMER.

Digitized by Google

THE DEATH OF THE OLD CLOCK.

A HUNDRED years upon the stair
It ever had been ticking there,
And to and fro its pendulum
Forever used to go and come;
It brought the moments of delight,
It marked a sorrow's passing flight,
It chorused with the marriage bell,
It echoed to the funeral knell,
And youth had laughed to see it speed,
But with it vainly age might plead;
It ticked its message ill or fair
A hundred years upon the stair.

It wore a dress of dingy brown,
A closely fitting walnut gown,
A curious piece of carvèd wood,
On massive eagle claws it stood.
We loved its figure tall and trim,
Its changeless features cold and grim;
It ticked us softly oft to sleep,
The midnight watches used to keep,
And with the waking of the morn
Its music to our ears was borne:
'T was foe and friend beyond compare
A hundred years upon the stair.

We saw it on its busy way
One drear and bleak November day,

Digitized by Google

And when the stormy evening fell,
Still paced the faithful sentinel;
But when the dawn of morning broke,
Its ancient tongue no longer spoke,
And to and fro the pendulum
Had ceased at last to go and come;
There none had heard its final beat,
Nor seen their journey all complete;
But still were hands that rested ne'er
A hundred years upon the stair.

The spider with its silent cloud
Has woven it a fleecy shroud;
For love of other days it stays,
Unmoved by changing times and ways,
And finds amid the corner's gloom
Its final grave, its only tomb.
The minutes unrecorded fly,
And men are born and live and die;
Yet stiff and silent stands it there
A hundred years upon the stair.

CHARLES CAPRON MARSH.

"WELL, DINAH MIGHT."

SOLILOQUY OF A BACHELOR.

WELL, Dinah might dispel the night,
The grief, the woe, the sorry plight
That hold me in their gruesome chain,
And stop these whirlings of my brain
That all her rhythmic words excite.

Digitized by Google

I tremble at their visions bright
That fill my heart with dazzling light.
Who could make me a happy swain?
Well, Dinah might.

Yet, married, we 'd be doomed to fight,
For that seems now the fashion quite.
Where Fashion rules, men talk in vain;
Hence I 'll a bachelor remain,
Lest she should use with grim delight —
Well — dynamite!

S. G. TENNEY.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

BEFORE my eyes she flits in grace
Like to some nymph in arbored Thrace,
Her youthful visage all aglow
With pleasure, as row after row
Of men applaud the skirt's deft twirl,
And dancing of the ballet-girl.

Then quick upon my inward eye,
In many a rosy-colored dye,
There flash the pictures of my youth, —
My college days, — when I, forsooth,
Would oft in pleasure's vortex whirl,
And worship every ballet-girl.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

These things I 'm fancying to-night
Are not results of firelight.
Ah, no! — I 'm fifty, and with glee
Still to the ballet go, and see,
As the soft smoke-wreaths upward curl —
Well — it 's the same old ballet-girl!

W. C. NICHOLS.

A COLLEGE ROWING-SONG.

FIRMLY catch and swiftly pull
The polished, pliant, springing oar,
While the muscles swell out full,
And the heart throbs more and more;
Up the stream with rhythmic swing,
Sweet as music in the night,
While the straining rowlocks ring,
And the blood leaps in delight,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in as winners, boys,
At last.

Soon will come that burning day
When the pistol stroke will crack,
And our boat will rush away,
As we strain each brawny back,
Pulling as we ne'er before

Digitized by Google

Pulled, yet still with form and grace, —
Every soul in every oar,
Flying down to win the race,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in as winners, boys,
At last.

So, when rowing here is done,
And we seek the sea of life,
Where our prizes must be won
In a swifter stream of strife,
We shall labor as of yore,
Grim resolve on every face,
Bending bravely to the oar,
Pulling hard to win the race,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in as winners, boys,
At last.

W. J. H.

TO A ROSE.

FOUND ON THE LAPEL OF AN OLD DRESS-COAT.

CRIMSON-COLORED, fresh and fragrant were
thy leaves long years ago,
When a maiden lightly whispered that the little Jacqueminot

Digitized by Google

Held within its ruby petals all the love-warmth of her heart,
While I gently kissed her temple, saying sadly, "We must part."

. . . . . .

Now, thy lone leaves, brown and crumpled, faintly odored, faded lie,
Breathing softly, "List thou, lover! Love is rose-like; it must die!"

SEYMOUR HERBERT RANSOM.

ANITA.

ALL in solitude and silence,
By the old boat on the strand,
With the sky and sea above her
Circling like a turquoise band,
And the yellow sun of autumn
Weaving gold lace of her hair,
Gazing wistfully to seaward,
Sits Anita, sweet and fair.

With her parasol is toying
Her petite and slender hand.
Is she hearing from the ocean
Tales borne from a foreign land?
Are her placid thoughts a-wand'ring
Like the sailing thistle-down

Digitized by Google

With an artless, aimless freedom
Till within the sea they drown?

Is she sorry that the season
Has so fleetly slipped away?
Does she think of other seasons
Just as happy, just as gay?
As she tears a stately aster,
Resting lightly on her knee,
Gazing wistfully to seaward,
Does she ever think of me?

FREDERICK STANLEY CAMP.

A ROSARY.

THY rosary the flowers shall be,
And buds and blossoms be to thee
The mystic beads the friar counts.

And they shall speak thy heart's delight,
Its love and joy by day and night.

Then make me thy confessor, dear,
And we will spend the summer hours
In counting o'er thy beads, the flowers.

CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN, JR.

Digitized by Google

TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH PHYLLIS.

IN the big soft easy-chair,
'Gainst the plush her face so fair,
Crowned with wavy chestnut hair,
Sits my own, my Phyllis.
Saucy face and laughing eyes,
Flowers that with her corsage rise
With every breath that o'er them flies,
Hyacinths and lilies.

Dainty slipper at the grate,
Snow-white dress that hides its mate;
Round white arms, sweet ways innate,
My own Amaryllis!
Smiling, fresh, and fair her face,
Every movement quiet grace,
Who 'd not envy me my place,
Tête-à-tête with Phyllis?

A little distance off I stay;
She almost frightens me away,
So beautiful she is and gay,—
As lovely as her lilies.
With faintest blush she says, "Come nigher,
You 'll be warmer near the fire!"
Tell me who could but admire
A *tête-à-tête* with Phyllis?

G. C. SMITH.

Digitized by Google

TO A FOOTBALL.

O CUBIC foot of healthful sport!
A judgment cool, a courage high,
And brawn — the old Olympic sort —
Control thy zigzag through the sky.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

A SPECIALIST.

I CANNOT put the heavy shot,
On the track I am not fleet;
But when it comes to the standing jump,
I get there with both feet.

F. T. EASTON.

TO A PICTURE.

IN other days, — my thoughts retrace
The century fled, when your fair face,
In antique gilt and gold now set,
Swayed hearts ensnared by witchery's net.
Your eyes smile down; care left no trace.

Nor can Time's touch those charms efface;
With step sedate and courtly grace
You danced the stately minuet
In other days.

Digitized by Google

Now dim with age the snowy lace,
For flying years speed on apace.
At times there comes a vague regret
That hearts grow cold and men forget
That vanished charms held regal place,
In other days.

HERBERT EUGENE MILLHOLEN.

LOVE'S DISGUISE.

SLY Eros once knocked at the door
Of one whose heart had oft before
Withstood the crafty wiles of Cupid, —
Who voted Love, in fact, "deuced stupid."

"Enter," he called; then, — "Wait, I 'll see
Who this faint applicant may be."
He looked, and there before him stood
A little maid in cloak and hood.

"Who may you be, my little one?"
The brown eyes glanced demurely down,
As soft replied the little dame,
"Platonic Friendship, sir, 's my name."

"Welcome, thrice welcome then," cried he,
"Right often have I wished for thee;
For with thy presence in my heart
I 'll snap my fingers at Love's dart."

Digitized by Google

But while he chuckled to himself
At that poor, lorn, defeated elf,
Sly Cupid threw off mask and guise,
And stood confessed before his eyes.

MORAL.

Should Love attempt to find a way
Into your hearts, don't say him nay;
For find a way he surely will,
Till mountain streams shall run uphill.

JOHN ALAN HAMILTON.

PARTING SONG.

SAY not adieu, but *au revoir*, —
We owe the past a farewell sigh;
A tear to mutual pleasures o'er;
To hallowed scenes a fond good-by:
But even these in other days
Shall memory oft again renew;
And may we, ere we go our ways,
Say *au revoir*, but not adieu.

Say not adieu, but *au revoir*,
And let each overflowing heart
In silence a libation pour,
To pledge our friendship ere we part;

Digitized by Google

No vow with sacred oil or wine
Than such an offering is more true, —
An earnest hand-clasp, mine and thine,
Then *au revoir*, but not adieu.

THOMAS THACKERY SWINBURNE.

ECHO'S SECRET.

YOUTH (*sentimentally*):

OH, Echo, tell me, nymph divine
(For secrets all are thine),
Oh, tell me who shall be my flame,
And what shall be her name?
Has she money?
Has she youth?
Mind your duty;
Tell the truth!

ECHO (*calmly*): *Ruth*

YOUTH (*joyfully*):

Oh, what a lovely name is Ruth!
And who could find, forsooth,
A name more fit with mine to rank, —
With mine, for it is Frank?
Has she 'nother?
Don't postpone!
Now, don't bother, —
Like *my own?*

ECHO (*spitefully*): *Mahone.*

Digitized by Google

YOUTH (*aghast*):

What! Ruth Mahone? You know, by gad,
Can't have a name like that.
Too vulgar that! If 't is my fate,
And I 'm to be her mate,
What 's to sweeten
Matrimony,
Or the wedding
Cere*mony?*

ECHO (*promptly*): *Money.*

A CAROL.

STANDARD OF THE CROSS.

O'ER the silent meadows,
O'er the sleeping town,
O'er the murmuring forest
Pours a radiance down;
'T is a starry splendor
Glorifying night;
Shepherds, kings, and sages
Wonder at the sight.

See, O kings and shepherds,
Magi from afar,
Cradled in a manger,
Israel's morning star!
And through parted heavens
Lo! the angelic throng

Digitized by Google

Voice their adoration
In triumphant song.

O'er the silent meadows
Floats the joyful strain, —
O'er the murmuring forest,
List! it comes again:
"Glory in the highest!"
Hark! O sleeping town,
"Peace, good-will," — the blessing
Still on earth comes down.

Still the starry wonder
Of that long-past night
Gleams adown the ages,
Filling all with light;
And all Nature, joining,
Swells the anthem still:
"Glory in the highest,
On earth, peace, good-will."

HARRIET BREWER.

LOVE AND THE SEA.

ROLL, roll, —
Roll on, O dark blue sea!
For o'er thy billowy waves
My love is coming to me;
And pure like thy white-capped waves
Her love is strong and free.

Digitized by Google

Roll, roll, —
Roll on, O dark blue sea!
For like thy pulsing heart
Her love throbs out to me,
And swift as thy white-winged gulls
My love is speeding to me!

ROBERT ETHERIDGE GREGG.

AT EASTERTIDE.

RONDEAU.

AT Eastertide, in gown of blue,
And dainty bonnet, neat and new,
With downcast eye whose fringèd lid
A sunny sky of azure hid,
Across the aisle sat merry Prue.

Above the crimson-cushioned pew
I watched her as the moments flew,
And wondered if she knew I did,
At Eastertide.

The sunlight poured the oriel through;
I envied what it dared to do, —
To clasp her fingers clad in kid,
And hold and kiss them unforbid.
I 'll take the hint, — pray, would n't you,
At Eastertide?

S. H. ADAMS.

Digitized by Google

GOOD-NIGHT.

TO all, "Good-night!" the touch of hands,
The lifted eyes, —
Within my heart what deeper wish
For any lies?

And yet when prayers are sobbed to God,
Are they for all?
Or whispered blessings? On our own
They rather fall.

"Good-night!" to thee, — a separate sign,
A loyal word,
Whose benediction still and deep
None other heard!

M. E. H. EVERETTE.

PREPARING A FLUNK.

I WAS sitting in my study,
Working hard a problem o'er,
When I chanced to think of maidens
That I 'd met the night before.

Then my thoughts, they left the problem,
And its sines and cosines all,
And turned backward to one maiden
That I 'd met at last night's ball.

Digitized by Google

How indeed was I to study
When I thought of her dark eyes,
When I thought about her beauty
That envious fair ones prize;

Of the german, and of supper,
And of how it came to pass
That we spoke about the college,
And the record of our class;

How we parted after midnight,
How she said she wished I 'd call;
How — But you know all about it,
Surely you 've been through it all.

Was it wonder that I pondered
Over all her beauties, late;
And when I 'd finished pondering,
That the problem had to wait?

THE HEART'S PICTURES.

HEARTS are galleries, wide and long,
Illumed with the soul's own light,
And many are cheerful and filled with song,
To many shadows and gloom belong,
And some are as dark as night.

Digitized by Google

Paintings are there upon the walls,
A series of self-wrought works;
And though no irreverent or gay step falls,
Yet in these marvellous, echoing halls
A gleam of life still lurks.

Pictures oft are of little worth,
And live but a fleeting day;
But these are undying, and e'en from birth
We paint and hang them, in grief or mirth,
Upon these walls of gray.

Some are painted in brilliant tints,
And shine with a lustre clear
That over the neighboring pictures glints
With soft light, showing, in faint reprints,
Their scenes so sweet and dear.

Some are dim with the frost of age,
And veiled with a mist of tears;
They chronicle many a bitter page
That no fine wisdom of king or sage
Can free from blots and fears.

Some we hang with the face unseen,
Lest any but we divine
The pain that awakes, with its knife-thrust keen,
Our hopes and passions that cling, still green,
Around that mystic shrine.

H. H. BICE.

Digitized by Google

VIOLINISTE.

UNDER your rounded chin
The polished wood of your violin
Comes lengthening down to your slender hand,
Where a bit of ribbon (a silken band)
Flutters and floats. 'T were better planned
To be under your rounded chin.

Now from your snowy throat
Swells on the air a soft, sweet note;
And, caught in a perfect chord by the strings,
Its cadence rises and falls and swings,
And I listen enrapt as the melody rings
Up from your snowy throat.

Deftly your fingers go
O'er the quivering strings, now high, now low,
And words that speak from the music start,
And for me thrill the world in its every part,
Until I feel that over my heart
Deftly your fingers go.

WILDER DWIGHT QUINT.

Digitized by Google

LOVE'S LOGIC.

YOU ask me, my dear, in your innocent way,
Whether, from what I have seen, I should say
Your soft eyes are *green* or are *blue?*
For in green eyes, you premised, sly coquetry dwells,
While the bonny blue eye ever certainly tells
Of tenderness trusting and true.

Now, love, pray remember, although I have seen
In those orbs quite perceptible sparkles of green,
That some one is writing to you
Whose whole heaven lies in the light of your eyes,
More constant and clear than the sheen of the skies,
And the color of heaven is blue.

SIC TRANSIT.

JUST a note that I found on my table,
By the bills of a year buried o'er,
In a feminine hand and requesting
My presence for tennis at four.

Half remorseful for leaving it lying
In surroundings unworthy as those,
I carefully dusted and smoothed it,
And mutely begged pardon of Rose.

Digitized by Google

But I thought with a smile of the proverb
Which says you may treat as you will
The vase which has once contained roses,
Their fragrance will cling to it still.

For the writer I scarcely remember,
The occasion has vanished afar,
And the fragrance that clings to the letter
Recalls — an Havana cigar.

W. B. ANDERSON.

BLYTHER than the burnie
That kisses the sunny lea,
Purer than the snaw-drap
Is my ain sweet lass to me.

Bluer than ony heath-bell
Is the blue o' my bonnie's e'e;
Fairer than mountain daisy
Is my ain dear love to me.

Warm beats the hert in this plaidie,
Beats it sae blythe for thee;
Leal is the hert o' thy laddie, —
Oh, lassie, be true to me!

MARION HUBBARD.

Digitized by Google

TO A DEAD BIRD.

SWEET bird, in life thy tuneful voice
Has bid the woods and meads rejoice,
Has greeted glad the new-born day,
Has sung at evening's parting ray
In notes that cheer the gloom away.
Perhaps thy wings rejoicing bore
Thy form thro' fields of air to soar;
Or when the sun had sunk to rest,
Laying thine head upon thy breast,
Hast passed with innocent sleep the night,
And rising ere the morning light
Thy simple thanks in songs hast given
That move the very heart of heaven.
But every joy must end at last,
And now thy happy life is past;
Before me lies thy graceful form,
Once flushed with joyous life and warm.
The rain has soiled thy once fair crest,
And dreary nights have chilled thy breast;
Yet earth has taken thee to rest,
And formed for thee a loving nest;
The sun doth shine with sadder light
Since thou art taken from his sight;
The wind, once rude, has gentler grown,
And softened more his dreary moan
Since thou, sweet bird, hast stilled thy breath
In the ne'er-ending sleep of death.

Digitized by Google

Thus run my thoughts in study brown;
Dissecting-knives have fallen down,
The bird untouched upon the slab —
Is this the way I work at lab?
Day-dreaming at my work so soon
This warm and drowsy afternoon!

ROBERT JAMES KELLOGG.

BARCAROLE.

DE VIGNY.

COME with me, lady fair,
Come o'er the sea!
Leave thy gold, leave thy care,
Sailing with me.
The waves my shallop bear, —
Watch the masts swing, —
Rocked by each passing swell;
'T is but a cockle-shell,
But I 'm its king.

Land! it was made for slaves,
O lady fair!
Free he who rules the waves,
Free as the air.
Hé who the billow braves,
Far on the sea,
Hears the wild waters cry,
"Here love can never die,
Here art thou free!"

E. G. B.

Digitized by Google

LIFE AND LOVE.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus."

LET us live while the heart is lightest,
Let us love while the heart is strong,
And laugh while the day is brightest,
And quicken the morn with song;
Let us mourn for no joy untasted,
Let us envy no bliss gone by;
The pleasure ungrasped is wasted.
To-morrow we die, we die!

Let us quaff from the crystal showing
The wine on the beaded rim;
Let us gather the fruitage glowing
Full ripe on the bending limb.
To-morrow the bowl is shattered;
E'er ever the shards be dry
The fruit is withered and scattered.
To-morrow we die, we die!

To-day is for love and kisses,
With life at its golden prime;
A century's wealth of blisses
We reap in a moment's time.
The heart keeps time to the measure,
While the harp of love rings high;
To-day is for love and pleasure,
To-morrow we die, we die!

ROBERT CLARKSON TONGUE.

Digitized by Google

HORTENSE.

WHERINNE IS SHOWNE YE CRAFTINESSE OF HER LOVER.

HORTENSE is haughtye, and no smile
She deignes to shedde on me,
Although I love her to dispaire,
And serve her faythfullye.

Each mornynge, when ye sonne first shines,
I from my couch doe springe,
And to her lattice windowe then
Dew-sprinklede flowerets bringe.

And when she goeth to ye wode,
Downe through ye mossie dell,
And with her lovelie armes doth drawe
Ye water from ye well,

I haste to followe after her,
Althoughe she tells me nay;
And when I tell my love to her,
She not a worde will say.

. . . . . .

I toke her lytel hande in mine,
And quoth full softe and lowe:
"Deare hearte, I must needes saye farewell,
I to ye warres must goe."

Digitized by Google

Straightway her face gat deathlie white,
"O Cyril dear!" quoth she,
"Nowe prithee doe not goe awaye,
Forsoothe, I — I love thee."

FRANK JOHN URQUHART.

LE DÉPART.

FROM the alcove, screened with its tropic palms,
Comes the orchestra's rhythmic beat,
As the revellers, merry, with bow and smile,
In the lanciers part and meet;
When slender and fair
Adown the stair
Trips the goddess I long to invoke, —
Comes Annie, my queen, — with a smile half shy,
As she glances out with a roguish eye
Under her opera cloak.

Through the broad portière comes the orchestra's throb,
And glimpses of color gay;
But the music grows fainter, the figures grow dim,
For Annie is going away.
There 's a murmured "Good-by"
At the doorway, and I —
(I scarce knew the words I spoke)
But over her shoulder she smiles as we part,
And I know that she carries away my heart
Under her opera cloak.

G. R. WALLACE.

Digitized by Google

TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.

BEWITCHING devotee,
Thy shapeless garments cannot hide the grace
And faultless symmetry
Of thy fair form and vigil-chastened face.
Thine eyes serene and pure
Look out with glance demure
Upon the world whose pleasures thou hast tried,
And turned away
With heart unsatisfied
To fast and pray.

I count it grievous sin
Such lips should pout within a cloistered nook,
And cruel discipline
Disturb thy maiden dreams with bead and book.
Thou shouldst have been a wife,
And crowned some noble life
With love's bright garland of immortal flowers;
Such loveliness as thine
In beauty's silken bowers
Was meant to shine.

Though thou hast left the woes,
The sudden shocks, and sharper griefs of earth
Outside the sacred close
Whose arches shudder at the sound of mirth,

Digitized by Google

I fancy, now and then,
Sweet visions come again,
And tender voices whisper in thy cell
Love-laden rhymes
That made thy bosom swell
In former times.

It is a cruel creed
That bids thy heart cast off all human ties;
A selfish world has need
Of gentle counsels and sweet sympathies.
He whose handmaid thou art,
When here, lived not apart
From hearts and homes, but shared our joys and ills,
And so must thou,
If thy young heart fulfils
Its solemn vow.

EDWIN GEORGE ALEXANDER.

CANDIDA.

BLUE, blue is the summer sky,
And her eyes are as blue again;
And when she smiles
Ten thousand miles
Of the bounding main and the rippling bay
Could be crossed as ten in a single day
To glow in her smile again.

Digitized by Google

And the swallow flits north in the springtide months,
And the swallow flits south in the fall,
But my love for thee, my lily-white maid,
Can never be changed at all.

Red, red is the sunset glow,
And her lips as the cherries are red;
And when she sings
The gushing springs
Of harmonies flow from her silver throat,
Till they seem to grow to the swelling note
From Amphion's flute that fled.
And the tide rises high on the rocky-ribbed shore,
And the tide ebbs low on the sand,
But my love for thee, my lily-white maid,
With the rocks forever shall stand.

B. A. GOULD, JR.

HEARTLESS.

I 'M heartless, you say;
But am I to blame?
I 'll explain if I may:
On a fair summer day
You stole it away,
With love all aflame.
I 'm heartless, you say;
But am I to blame?

W. H. SMITH.

Digitized by Google

AFTERWARDS.

THE ringing laugh of a joyous heart, and the
glance of a smiling eye,
The womanly grace of a piquant face in the rollicking
days gone by, —

The conscious shyness of word and glance, and the
thrill of the hand's caress;
The tender hush, the rising blush, and the timidly
whispered "Yes," —

The swift, bright gleam of the wedding-ring, the
tenderly fearful bliss
Of the upturned face in its shimmering lace, and the
breath of the marriage kiss, —

Through all the eternal grim parade of days and
nights that pass,
Will these matter to thee, thou soul set free, thou dust
down under the grass?

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

SEA-SONG.

UP and away! For the east wind is blowing,
And high on the rocks dashes swift-driven spray;
Far in the distance the tempest is growing
As we watch the approach of lowering day.

Digitized by Google

Up and away! At home they are waking
And hurrying down in the face of the gale,
While the glare from the east dims eyes that are aching
In search for a glimpse of an incoming sail.

Up and away! Though storm clouds are kissing
The measureless waste of fierce-flying foam,
For the blasts that over our vessel are hissing
Are going before us to welcome us home.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND BAKER.

SEMPER IDEM.

IN days gone by brave knights would vie,
With battle-axe or lance,
To gain the prize that hidden lies
Within a loving glance.
And though the strife might cost his life,
No knight would ever quail,
For well he knew her heart was true
As that beneath his mail.

Though valiant knights and tourney fights
Have long since passed away,
Yet in love's strife as many a life
Is offered up to-day.

Digitized by Google

Coy Cupid's sway will ever last,
Be customs old or new;
Love's glances as of old are cast —
Are maidens' hearts as true?

H. D. HALE.

LOVE'S DAY.

LOVE rises in the morning
Mid the song of birds,
And the air is rife with the music
Of wondrous words,
And Love goes laughing on his way
In the jubilant joy of the dawning day.

At noontide Love is singing
Wild and free;
There is not a cloud in heaven,
Happy is he.
Love is as fair, Love is as gay
As the hot, strong light of the high mid-day.

Love lies down at even,
Weeping sore;
All the light has faded,
And the day is o'er.
Weary of laughter, tired of play,
Love is crying, dying at the end of day.

WILLIAM B. FORBUSH.

Digitized by Google

CROSS-PURPOSES.

WE have paused to watch the quiver
Of faint moonbeams on the river,
By the gate.
We have heard something calling,
And a heavy dew is falling,
Yet we wait.

It is, no doubt, very silly
To stay out in all this chilly
Evening mist;
Still I linger, hesitating,
For her lips are plainly waiting
To be kissed.

So I stoop to take possession
Of the coveted concession
On the spot;
But she draws back with discreetness,
Saying, with tormenting sweetness,
"I guess not."

Her whole manner is provoking:
"Oh, well, I was only joking,"
I reply:
She looks penitently pretty,
As she answers, "What a pity!
So was I."

F. T. COOPER

Digitized by Google

DREAMING.

SOFTLY through my soul to-night
Flows a mystical delight, —
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,
Softly, gently beaming;
And the sweetest music floats,
As from distant angel throats,
Swelling with seraphic notes
For a soul that 's dreaming.

Tender eyes that seem to glow
With a love that angels show,
Far too deep for man to know,
On me now are beaming;
And my soul in sweet surprise,
Calmly resting, gently lies,
Gladdened by these tender eyes —
Ah! I 'm merely dreaming.

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you 've gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I 'm single still.
And you met her — did you tell me? —
Down at Newport last July,

Digitized by Google

And resolved to ask the question
At a *soirée?* So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room
With its music and its light,
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I 'll bet — old man, confess it —
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh —
Did you draw her close, and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I need n't ask you further,
And I 'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I 'll wander down and see you
When you 're married. — eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you 're settled down, we 'll try —
What? The deuce you say! Rejected!
You rejected? *So was I!*

Digitized by Google

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

OF every ill is love the cure,
Howe'er so great that ill may be;
But if thy ill be love itself,
Alas, no cure is left for thee!

A. B. SIMONDS.

LOVE is a woman with soulful eyes,
Love is the sun of the human skies,
Love is the warmth of nature's heart,
Love is of life the noblest part.

AH, LASSIE FAIR!

RONDEAU.

AH, lassie fair! thine eyes of blue
Betray a heart both warm and true;
Yet something bids me stay, beware,
For thou art false as well as fair,
As fickle as the morning dew.

Yet, pretty maid, I would I knew
The shortest way to win and woo,
For then my love should ne'er despair,
Ah, lassie fair!

Digitized by Google

Her soft cheeks tinged a deeper hue,
A charming glance at me she threw.
She tossed her wealth of dark brown hair
With such a gay, coquettish air:
"Monsieur, pardonnez-moi, — adieu.
Ah, laissez faire!"

S. G. TENNEY

ON A SUMMER'S EVE.

AS sweet as a song on a summer's eve,
When time creeps on with the moon's soft pace,
Are the honeyed words from the lips of love,
Low spoke with a maiden's modest grace.

As rich as the tint of a summer's eve,
When rainbow hues are bright in the sky,
Is the pink that touches my loved one's cheek,
When kiss follows kiss and sigh follows sigh.

As soft as the sighs of a summer's eve,
When the winds whisper low to the moon in the west,
Is the pledge of troth that steals on my ear,
As my love lingers long and close on my breast.

Oh! give me back that sweet summer's eve,
When life surged high like the flow of the tide;
When the song of the spheres was love, throbbing love,
And the maid of my heart I clasped to my side.

G.

Digitized by Google

AFTER READING AUSTIN DOBSON.

IN a crowded room I seemed to stand,
Yet not in the throng; alone, apart,
And all about me the hot air fanned,
Moved by the throbs of society's heart.

A band was playing somewhere near
('T was a waltz of Strauss, so soft and sweet),
And the ripple of voices came to my ear,
And the merry tap of dancing feet.

The rustle of silk, the wave of a fan,
The gleam of gems, the scent of a rose,
The laugh of a girl, the vows of a man,—
And the wave of society ebbs and flows.

As I was wishing to join the throng
The book fell down; I woke with a start
To find it closed, and ended the song
Whose gay, glad cadence lived on in my heart.

E.

HER FLOWER.

LITTLE flower, fading, dying,
Thou art on my table lying
In thy last and final rest.
Yet 't is scarcely half an hour

Digitized by Google

Since I saw thee, little flower,
In thy forced and cold devotion,
Rising, falling, with the motion
Of her breast.

Did she tell thee, thou one dying,
And there is no use denying
What thou surely knowest best,
Did she whisper, ere that hour
That I saw thee, little flower,
Did she speak of my devotion,
Did she speak with no emotion
In her breast?

Little flower, thou art dying,
Faded, listless, lifeless lying;
Thou hast found thy final rest.
But I would within an hour
Change with thee, dead, faded flower,
If I knew that my devotion
Echoed not with sweet emotion
In her breast.

GEORGE ALBERT SOPER.

THE NEW JOKE.

I INVENT a bran-new joke,
Try it first on pa;
See him laugh until he cries,
Ha! ha! ha!

Digitized by Google

Try it next on Uncle Ned;
  Dislocates his jaw,
Bursts the buttons off his vest,
  Haw! haw! haw!

Spring it then on sister Nell;
  Claps her hands with glee,
Giggles till her face is red,
  Te! he! he!

Send it to the editor,
  That arch-villain, who
Stamps it "99 B. C.,"
  Boo! hoo! hoo!

F. T. EASTON.

ELSINORE.

I HAVE loved thee, Elsinore,
  Since the yellow crocus budded,
Since the world with light was flooded,
In the green of springtime hooded, —
  Three long years ago, and more,
  I have loved thee, Elsinore.

I shall love thee, Elsinore;
While the moaning billows tumble,
While the distant thunders rumble,
I shall be thy lover humble;
  I shall love thee and adore,
  I shall love thee, Elsinore.

Digitized by Google

Smile upon me, Elsinore;
Say not that thou canst not love me,
Place not others' charms above me,
Let the proof of union prove me, —
None can love as I adore;
Smile upon me, Elsinore.

B. A. GOULD, JR.

CONDITIONALLY.

ETHEL asked me for a verse.
'T is a bargain, — I agree!
Yet before I can rehearse
Half your charms in one short verse,
Ethel, promise me, —
If I do this much for you,
Grant the rhymester something, too!

I could praise your laughing eyes, —
Say that nothing could compare
With the beauteous light that lies
Ever in your deep brown eyes, —
Yet would it be fair
That I do all this for you
And have nothing given, too?

Not one glance! Your very smile
Is another's, — not for me!
Can I sing your praises while

Digitized by Google

Some one else receives your smile?
Ethel! Can't you see
How to make me write of you?
Grant the rhymester something, too!

WILLIAM FRENCH COLLINS.

HER SATIN FAN.

RONDEAU.

HER satin fan is wondrous white;
Its frame with smoothest ivory bright
Is twined and carved in subtle plan
To snare the wayward heart of man, —
Oh, tempt thou not its magic might!

'T is wreathed around with swansdown light,
And on its shining side a flight
Of painted swallows quaint doth span
Her satin fan.

Thou foolish one, beware the sight,
Or rue in vain thy hapless plight;
A slave within her captives' van,
If thou her loveliness wilt scan
When seemeth softly to invite
Her satin fan.

JAMES GOODWIN.

Digitized by Google

"EVER SO LONG AGO."

I.

MARJORIE, oh, how I loved you once,
Ever and ever so long ago;
You were so clever and I such a dunce, —
Stupid and spoony and that you know, —
You were so gentle, and I such a churl;
How I envied the wind that toyed with your curl!
You were an awfully pretty girl,
Ever so long ago.

II.

Marjorie, oh, but you loved me not
(This was ever so long ago):
To make me love you, that was your plot, —
A plot whose fulfilling could ne'er be slow;
So the course of my passion ran smoothly enough
Till you blighted my hopes with a chilling rebuff,
Then we quarrelled, and I went away in a huff,
Ever so long ago.

III.

Marjorie, yesterday when we met
(Not such a very long time ago)
I fancied your eyes were a trifle wet, —
It may have been but a fancy, though.

Digitized by Google

Yet seeing you pensive and drooping and sad
Brought back all the passionate yearnings I had
To do my utmost to make you glad,
Ever so long ago.

T. P. SANBORN.

AT THE BALL.

DOWN the room now swiftly gliding,
Back again, with motion slow,
Whispered words to you confiding,
Thrilled by answers sweet and low, —
What a strange exhilaration
But to touch you in the dance!
What a sweet intoxication
In your glance!

But when came the time for parting,
When I ought to say good-by
(For you said that all were starting),
Either a half-stifled sigh,
Or the sudden blushes dyeing
Your sweet face with rose-tint fine,
Pressure of your soft hand lying
Hid in mine, —

Every sweet unconscious token
Told me what I longed to know;
But till the fond word was spoken,
Sweet, I could not let you go.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

Now you ask me, the day after,
To describe the ball, my friend;
Best to me, sir, — stop your laughter, —
Was its end.

H. G. DUNHAM.

IN BACHELOR'S HALL.

TO sit in front of the open grate,
Half hugging the arm of an easy-chair,
And watching the changing thread of fate
That is spun and cut in the fire's glare,
While behind me the light that reflects on the wall
Seems to cast a halo o'er Bachelor's Hall.

To ponder alone o'er some wonderful page,
Replete with the wisdom of long ago
And the heroes that dwelt in a mythical age, —
What a comfort it is to sit here and know
That the fates and the sages, the heroes, and all
Are the serfs and retainers of Bachelor's Hall.

And hark to the wind that is rampant to-night, —
How it struggles and raves at my castle gate!
Let it roar, let it rage, I can laugh at its might, —
What a feeling of safety its volleys create!
'T will be many a day ere these battlements fall,
And the fire burns brighter in Bachelor's Hall.

CLARENCE W. PEABODY.

Digitized by Google

UNLOCKED.

I COULD not speak what yet I often wished to say;
A pretty compliment I 'd think, but — puff, away
It flew on wings, before I gave it breath, the while
Another's graceful words had won the longed-for smile.
Then lo, a miracle, — no warning, forth there rushed
All that I e'er had thought of grace, and lips had hushed.
Devotion, adoration, nothing left to seek,
At last love opened wide my lips and let me speak.

WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.

THE ECLIPSE.

WE watched the eclipse;
Her sweet tempting lips
Resembled twin rosebuds a-sleeping;
I 'd have kissed them there,
But she said, "Take care,
The man in the moon, sir, is peeping!"

I waited awhile,
Entranced by her smile,
Until the moon's face was quite hidden;
And then, I did — well,
The rest I sha'n't tell,
Because I am strictly forbidden.

Digitized by Google

So sweet were her lips
In Luna's eclipse,
With breath like the blossoming clover,
So swift moments flew,
That long ere I knew
I found the phenomenon over.

She saw the surprise
Expressed by my eyes,
And laughingly said: "There, you see, sir,
Eclipse has gone by,
And up in the sky
The moon laughs at you and at me, sir."

I said, "My eclipse
I found on your lips;
So Luna may laugh, *sans componction.*"
"Eclipse! — no," said she,
"He 's laughing to see
Two lunatics met in conjunction."

J. S. CUTLER

THE SAME.

I CAN picture her now,
As she stood on the stair,
With her arch little smile,
And her soft golden hair.

Digitized by Google

A lithe little form,
  Just a vision of grace,
And a sweet disposition
  That shone in her face.

I felt as one dreaming,
  So fair was the sight,
For my visitor seemed
  Like an angel of light.

Then I stole to her side,
  And I kissed her in glee,
For she 's just ten years old,
  And my sister, you see.

G. D.

PURPLE BLOSSOMS.

A BABE sleeps under the lilac-tree,
  And coos in dreams a childish glee,
Till from a purple petal-rim
A dew-drop falling wakens him.

A youth waits under the lilac-tree;
The moon glides over silently.
Along the mottled vineyard slope
A shadow flits to mock his hope.

A man strides under the lilac-tree;
He crushes its branches heedlessly,
Not seeing 'neath the scented crest
A songster's feather-tufted nest.

Digitized by Google

The west wind moans through the lilac-tree,
And sets the last dead heart-leaf free;
The whirling leaf swift eddies round,
And rests upon a new-made mound.

TRIOLET.

THOSE VIOLETS BLUE.

THOSE violets blue on my lady's breast,
Nestling there in sweet content,
Peeping coyly forth from their nest,
Those violets blue on my lady's breast, —
They are the flowers I love best,
With their sylvan perfumes redolent, —
Those violets blue at my lady's breast,
Nestling there in sweet content.

H. W. BANKS.

INVITING.

PRETTY and sweet, ever so neat,
Sitting alone in a *tête-à-tête* seat,
Seeming to say by her negligent air,
"Come and sit side of me, sir, if you dare."

Saucy and pert, dying to flirt,
Knowing the ropes, and more than expert, —
When she goes further, and seems to insist,
Who for the moment would dare to resist?

D. C. BREWER.

Digitized by Google

EIN TRAUMBILD.

A STUDENT sat in his room alone,
And puffed right merrily;
Without he could hear the mad storm moan,
The bare limbs twisting with creak and groan,
And the winds sigh drearily.
He saw from his window the flying clouds
Wrapping the stars in their gloomy shrouds,
And the wet moon sending her sickly light
At intervals down through the murky night.

Was that a voice on the sobbing air,
Whispering wearily?
Was that a face in the darkness there,
And rain-drenched tresses of midnight hair,
And sad eyes bent on thee?
Why floats before thee that beautiful form,
Trembling alone in the darkness and storm?
Those pale lips murmur a sweet low strain, —
Is that song burdened with grief and pain?

A jolly life the student knows,
A life of love and song;
He plucks from the wayside the white, white rose,
The loveliest flower in the world that blows,
And singing passes along.

Digitized by Google

But the white, white rose is weeping alone,
In the dust by a loved hand carelessly thrown;
And the student now at the midnight hour
Longs for the fragrance of that sweet flower.

C. W. YEOMANS.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

SWEET summer girl with curling tresses,
Loving eyes, and dainty dresses;
In birch canoe or shaded nook;
Climbing mountains, gathering flowers;
Flirting in secluded bowers, —
Whether you be fair or dark,
Fond of sketching or a "lark,"
Far away from city's whirl
We will meet you, summer girl.

AN APPROPRIATE KEEPSAKE.

WE flirted together a week at the shore,
And strolled on the beach by the light of the moon,
And whispered our love mid the breakers' wild roar,
And at parting he gave me a souvenir spoon.

H. M. STONE.

Digitized by Google

SO SWEET.

I KNOW not who the maid may be,
And whether she be fair or sweet;
I only know she cast on me
A glance that made my pulses beat,
And that her face was very fair
And sweet.

I know that if the fates are kind,
And she and I do ever meet,
Enraptured by her glance once more,
I shall fall kneeling at her feet,
Confessing all my love for her
So sweet.

But if the fates relentless prove,
And she and I do never meet,
I know I ne'er can love again,
For all my love is at her feet,
And life will be so sad and yet
So sweet.

A FUNERAL.

IN the darkness and chill of the night,
Not a star overhead,
With a face, oh, hopeless and white,
She buried her dead.

Digitized by Google

No ritual heard by the bier,
  Save a faint, wailing cry, —
The litany low of a tear,
  The prayer of a sigh.

And she planted no flowers above
  In the silence and gloom;
For he whom she buried was *Love*,
  And her breast was the tomb.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

A LOVELY SCENE.

WE stood at the bars as the sun went down
  Beneath the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
  Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
  Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
  And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
  I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
  As I rubbed her ears, — that Jersey cow.

Digitized by Google

"O MODERN GIRL."

RONDEAU.

O MODERN girl, we know you well,
In *Life* and *Puck* you always dwell:
A dainty form, a piquant face,
A tiny foot, a cloud of lace, —
In short, a charming personnel.
On every heart you cast a spell;
Poor foolish hearts, they cannot tell
You lead them but an idle chase,
O modern girl!
And yet (I 've heard such things befell)
Sometimes the coldest demoiselle
Will look to find in its old place
Her heart, and meet but empty space.
At such bold thefts does she rebel,
O modern girl?

ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS.

WHY?

O LADY fair! O lady fair!
Say what mischief lurketh there?
In thy laughter, in thy sigh,
In the sparkle of thine eye,
Mischief ruleth, — tell me why?

Digitized by Google

Is it fun to laugh to scorn
A lover?
Or do pranks the maid lovelorn
Discover?

O lady fair, I do believe
There is more love when you deceive.
Every spite, every little jest,
Every no to my request
Means but this: I love thee best.

C. H. PATTERSON.

THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

I.

THE winds blow up through the blooming vale,
And sigh as they did of old;
The clouds break over the trysting-place
With a long, lithe lance of gold.
The sun goes down, and the shadows grow,
All under the trysting-tree;
They flicker high and they flicker low
And they seem to question me.

II.

The glimmering rays of the summer moon
Glide down on the milk-white stream,
And field and wood, in the dewy hush,
Are dreaming a fairy dream.

Digitized by Google

The cricket calls, with shrill, high fife,
And the lonely whippoorwill
Is breaking his heart with his old complaint,
"I love her, I love her still!"

III.

Here, while I wait for the coming feet,
I may at last recall
Those who kept tryst in this sweet, green spot,
And I knew and greeted all!
O Royal Love, with his eyes of flame,
And his kiss of poison wine, —
Once, treading the summer's rose-bowered path,
I saw his sandals shine!

IV.

And Hope, with his vision fixed above,
His eye like the evening star,
Too joyous to heed the sigh I gave
When I watched him from afar.
And Youth, whose face I ne'er could see,
Whose voice I ne'er forget, —
How oft hath Memory dreamed of him,
Her eyes with longing wet!

V.

Cold are the dews, the night grows late,
The stars are all aglow;
The branches of the whispering tree
Sway lightly to and fro.

Digitized by Google

Love comes no more down the rose-bowered path,
  Hope and sweet Youth are flown;
In silence I wait at the trysting-place
  Forgotten and left alone.

M. E. H. EVERETTE.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF VOLAPÜK.

BEYOND the cheerless Arctic Circle,
  In that realm of ice and snow,
Seated in her cosy snow-house,
  I can court an Esquimaux.

On far-famed Mt. Desert island,
  Buckboard riding in the mud,
I can talk of Robert Browning
  With a cultured Boston bud.

In a yacht upon the ocean,
  When becalmed I feel unwell,
I can share a bit of lemon
  With a New York demoiselle.

'Neath the palm-tree in the tropics,
  Watching monkeys frisk about,
I can talk of evolution
  With a fair Brazilian "sprout."

Digitized by Google

In the far-off Fiji Islands,
When my fate is fairly booked,
I can court the chieftain's daughter
While I 'm waiting to be cooked.

What is this strange advantage
Which I have where'er I go,
When I charm a Boston beauty,
And can court an Esquimaux?

What you ask is very simple.
Why, I always talk a streak,
For whenever I 'm with strangers
I converse in Volapük.

McG. J.

A SONG.

SHE sat alone by the gray stone-wall,
All in her gown of red;
The lilies behind her, straight and tall,
Bent over to kiss
With light caress
The curls on her bonnie head.

She saw not Love as he passed below,
Her eyes on the west were turned;
She heard no sound of his footstep slow,
Her thoughts so intent
On the beauty blent
Where the sunset flamed and burned.

Digitized by Google

He passed but once, and the vision fleet
He hid in his heart for aye;
She woke not out of her day-dream sweet, —
All unaware,
The maiden fair,
That Love passed by that day.

ADDIE I. LOCKE.

GERMAN FAVORS.

PENDENT from my chandelier,
'Neath the gaslight's blaze,
Hang a host of relics queer,
Born of other days.

Odd conceits and trifles fair,
Marvels made of naught,
Gimcracks fashioned out of air,
Fairy fingers wrought.

As I look with half-closed eyes
Through the smoke-dimmed air,
Round them dreamy memories
Swarm and cluster there.

Sweet familiar faces rise,
Figures come and go;
Winning lips and laughing eyes,
Voices soft and low.

Digitized by Google

Half-forgotten words once more,
Like a distant strain,
Vaguely on my spirit pour
Sweetness tinged with pain.

Joys may turn to smoke, and life
Waste to ashes gray, —
These dear forms I know its strife
Will not filch away.

F. C. CLARKE.

TO ——.

I LOVE you — not because your lips
Are sweetly curved like Cupid's bow;
But for the words they softly frame,
Tender and loving, sweet and low.

I love you — not because your hand
Is small and dimpled, soft and warm;
But for its pressure, mute caress,
I 'd gladly brave life's hardest storm.

I love you — not because your eyes
Are sparkling, bright, or raven hue;
But for your pure, unspotted soul
Which looks those virgin windows through.

GEORGE COMSTOCK BAKER.

Digitized by Google

TO A CONSERVATORY FLOWER.

HO, thou art a tardy comer,
Little one!
Thou wert fitter for the summer
And the sun.
Didst not care for the warm heather
Where thy sisters bloomed together?
Or didst fancy that spring weather
Had begun?

But I 'll keep thee, little blossom,
For my Rose.
She will place thee in her bosom
To repose.
In that bed no buds that settle
Suffer sting of thorn or nettle,
But about each prisoned petal
Warm airs close.

Oh, how fondly she will cherish,
(Is it meet?)
Rock thee, press thee, till thou perish, —
Perish, sweet!
Nay, is that a cause for sighing?
On her heart thou wilt be lying —
I should count me happy dying
At her feet!

A. G. NEWCOMER

Digitized by Google

BOAT-BUILDING IN SPAIN.

JUST a bit of drift-wood gray,
Rudely fashioned like a boat,
Idly whittled out one day,
Just as idly set afloat.

Only paper for a sail,
Rudely fashioned verses too,
Idly written on the beach,
Idly sent adrift to you.

Sail on! little boat of mine,
Rudely whittled on the sands,
Idly shaped and idly rigged
By unskilful girlish hands.

Sail! and find him, near or far,
Sail on o'er this summer sea!
Tell him that I love him well;
Softly ask if he loves me!

RAY LEDYARD.

IN HOOD OF BLUE.

RONDEAU.

IN hood of blue's soft, warm embrace
(Just edged with frills of dainty lace
That coyly kiss her blooming cheek,
Where dimples play at hide and seek)
I see a maiden's winsome face.

Digitized by Google

Ah! had I but the skill to trace
Upon the outstretched canvas' space
That classic profile, purest Greek,
In hood of blue!

Alas, I 've not; but from my place
Beside her, when at rapid pace
We fly o'er snowy hill-sides bleak,
I gaze in eyes that almost speak,
And feel I 'm drawn,— towards charming Grace,
In hood of blue.

QUITE POSSIBLE.

THE commandant stands shouting "Dress!"
The bugler winds his noisy din;
Our sergeant, opening wide his mouth,
Shouts, "Company — fall in!"

A WABAN RIPPLE.

THE Wellesley girls say,
As at vespers they pray:
"Help us good maids to be.
Give us patience to wait
Till some subsequent date
World without men,— ah me!"

Digitized by Google

A COLLEGE WIDOW.

PRETTY? Rather! Her teeth were like pearls, sir,
  Peeping out between coralline bars;
And her eyes, when she smiled on a fellow,
  Just twinkled like midnight cigars!
She captured our whole delegation, —
  A Trinity junior (a swell),
Two cheeky sub-freshmen from Harvard,
  And a couple of sophs from Cornell.

Well, we used to walk out in the evening
  To watch the moon's crescent arise;
And some of us thought of the landscape,
  But the rest of us thought of her eyes.
And when on the murmuring water
  The silvery light was aglow,
It appeared like a vision of Eden
  (To the freshmen especially so!)

Such is life! here, I 'll show you the locket
  She gave me at parting; and Will
Has a bangle of hers in his pocket, —
  We keep them for memorabil'.
As for me, though, I was n't enraptured,
  In spite of the rose-tint and pearl,
For somehow I 'm never contented
  With only a tenth of a girl.

Digitized by Google

And she 's not very young, let me tell you, —
  Ten years since they shipped her from school;
And I don't think she 'll ever get married,
  She can't find a big enough fool.
Her name? Miss Van Arsdel, of Brooklyn.
  You met her, you say, in July?
You 're engaged to her, Tom? Oh, the dickens!
  Beg par— I — well, hang it — good-by!

SPORT.

PRETTY maiden passing by,
  Modest look and downcast eye;
Don't you hear me gently sigh,
Pretty maiden passing by?

Pretty maiden passing by,
Look so timid and so shy;
Will you love me till I die,
Pretty maiden passing by?

But, alas! she 'll not reply,
And not even tell me why;
So another maid I 'll try,
Who may come a-passing by.

H. C. SOUTHWICK.

Digitized by Google

ON THE STAIR.

WE sat on the stair
In the brilliant ball's glare
While music rang sweet
To the dancers' deft feet;
Then I whispered a word,
By nobody heard
Save by her on the stair
In the brilliant ball's glare.

Then she rose in reply, —
Half angered, half shy, —
Quick gathered her train
In white hands again,
And bade me come dance
Her joy to enhance;
Her reply, spoken low,
Was the tiny word, "No."

We sat on the stair
With nobody there, —
The dancers all fled,
The music sunk dead;
And her answer just then
Was not spoken for men,
But, truth to confess,
It sounded like — "Yes!"

RICHARD BURTON.

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST SNOW.

IT silently fell in the gloom and the night,
And loaded the pines with a burden of white;
It wrapped with soft mantles the fields far and near,
This beautiful gift of the beautiful year.

Ere noontide its beauty had faded away, —
First snows, like first sorrows, endure but a day;
But fading or dying true love cannot know,
In June or November, mid flowers or snow.

J. B. BENTON.

OLD AMONTILLADO.

FILL my wine-glass brimming high
With the ripe old sherry,
I will drink to days gone by
When e'en I was merry;
Look ye how the wine doth glow,
Like my hopes of long ago!

From the goblet I will drain
All the old-time flavor,
Dreaming of those days again,
Tasting of love's favor;
How it warms these veins of ours,
Like the bright midsummer hours!

Digitized by Google

I am thirty years to-night, —
  Life 's no longer jolly;
All the ghosts of past delight,
  And skeletons of folly,
Hold their revel in my brain,
Mimicking their former reign.

In these years I 've lost a friend
  Dearer than earth's treasures;
In these years I 've seen love's end,
  And the end of pleasures;
Now the wine mounts to my brain,
Drowning all the grief and pain,

And my thoughts go back in time
  To a maiden merry;
Voice that haunts as some old rhyme,
  Lips a winsome cherry,
Hair a nut-brown coronet
On her low, broad forehead set.

What if love be at an end,
  Life no longer merry,
Here 's a good old trusty friend,
  Ripe and rare old sherry, —
Truer than that girl, I know,
Many, many years ago!

M. E. W. G.

Digitized by Google

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN the brown of her eyes
A soft light lies,
The light of her upturned face;
The slow retreat
Of the cadence sweet
With the roses and ribbons and lace;
The soft refrain,
The dying strain,
The waltz is our last, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

HARRY SAFFORD CANDEE.

SHADOW SHIPS.

ABOVE me sail the shadow ships,
As I lie here beneath the trees;
Down through the boughs the sunshine slips,
I hear the drowsy hum of bees.

My fancy sails her cloud-ships, too,
With precious cargoes laden low,
On summer seas, where skies are blue,
And gentle breezes softly blow.

NEWTON M. HALL.

Digitized by Google

WING TEE WEE.

OH, Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinee,
And she lived in the town of Tac.
Her eyes were blue,
And her curling cue
Hung dangling down her back;
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil
When he wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And oh, Tim Told
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk;
So he drowned his blues in fickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.

So bold Tim Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid in the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea,
And nevermore came back;
For in far Chinee the maids are fair,
And the maids are false, as everywhere.

J. P. DENISON.

Digitized by Google

LOVE'S ENTRANCE.

WHEN Love came in, one stormy night,
His hands, poor boy, were frozen quite;
He wept as one who grieveth sore,
Knocked thrice, and opening wide my door
Revealed the snow-drifts cold and white.

I pitied him, — the luckless wight;
Drew Cupid to my fireside bright,
And shared my winter's failing store,
When Love came in.

When, presto! could you see the sight!
His eyes o'erbrimmed with roguish light,
He laughed, that wanton god, and swore
He ne'er would leave my threshold more.
Sweetheart, have you forgot my plight
When Love came in?

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

THERE IS A TIME.

AH, love, thy sweet, strange grace
Thrills through my anxious heart,
And makes me wholly thine.

And yet, dear one, we seem so far apart
When confidence is cast aside,
And trust misplaced, I find.

Digitized by Google

Could we but ever live and have between
No single shadow's form,
Life would be life, indeed, and heaven would lose its
charm.

So, love, live on! We are not perfect made;
Not one but sometimes falls,
And wrongs himself or other one.

Then when from duty's path we go astray,
Let's hasten backward, and start again
Upon love's own true way.

J. C. B.

A MESSAGE.

A LITTLE white dove fluttered close to my pane,
I caught it a moment in play,
And whispered a love-word again and again
To my true love, then bade it away.

A little white cloud slowly sailed o'er the moon,
Upon it I wished I might be,
For then, O my love, I would sail to thee soon
Who 'rt dearer than all else to me.

A murmuring brook wound its way through a glen,
Then broke into tremulous song;
I whispered my secret that none else might ken,
And it eagerly bore it along.

H.

Digitized by Google

HIDDEN.

LOVE is like arbutus blooming
'Neath the leaves, but still perfuming
All the air.

Tho' you may not see it growing,
Still you know from perfume blowing
It is there.

Ofttimes love its deep abiding
'Neath the heart is slyly hiding
Unaware.

Yet you know from light that dances
In the soft eyes' smiles and glances
It is there.

S. T. LIVINGSTON.

THE ROCKS OF MT. DESERT.

THE soft light of the setting sun
Across the water lay,
And dark against its glory rose
The islands in the bay;

Digitized by Google

The air was still, upon the shore
  The pine-trees stood inert,
The quiet sea broke softly on
  The rocks of Mt. Desert.

The placid water mirrored back
  The glory of the skies,
But all the glow I heeded not
  For the light of two soft eyes;
And often as, so slightly raised,
  They did to mine revert,
No paradise, I felt, was like
  The rocks of Mt. Desert.

The murmuring sea I did not hear,
  For a voice of music sweet
That thrilled my heart, until I thought
  I almost heard it beat;
For all was still, upon the shore
  The pine-trees stood inert,
No sighing breezes swept across
  The rocks of Mt. Desert.

The sunset died, the sobbing sea
  I heard along the shore;
That thrilling voice, those tender eyes
  Are gone forevermore.
She is not dead or gone away,
  The fickle little flirt,
But glorifies, to other eyes,
  The rocks of Mt. Desert.

E. M. T.

Digitized by Google

A PICTURE.

THERE 's a face that haunts me ever,
There are eyes mine always meet,
As I read the morning paper,
As I walk the crowded street.

Ah! she knows not how I suffer;
Hers is now a world-wide fame;
But till death that face shall greet me:
Lydia Pinkham is her name.

VILLANELLE.

Au Retour du Printemps.

THRO' the forest deep comes a maiden fair,
Bright as the morning, rosy as dawn,
Thoughtless and happy and free from care.

Her eyes are clear as the azure air,
Light is her tread as the startled fawn,
Thro' the forest deep comes a maiden fair.

All lies joyless and chill and bare,
Save in the path where she has gone,
Thoughtless and happy and free from care.

Sparkling and glinting her sun-kissed hair
Ripples about her in waves of tawn,
Thro' the forest deep comes a maiden fair.

Digitized by Google

Joyous and lovely beyond compare,
Brightness onward with her is dawn,
Thoughtless and happy and free from care.

Roaming about in the sun's bright glare,
By limpid stream, o'er velvety lawn,
Thro' the forest deep comes a maiden fair,
Thoughtless and happy and free from care.

PHILIP S. ALLEN.

LIFE'S GREETING.

AT my good inn, The World, you may have rest
One night, fair sir. Eat, drink, be merry;
Then up at dawn, for at his ferry
Death waits, and for thy room another guest.

ARTHUR LESLIE GREEN.

NIGHT AND DAY.

LYDIA'S soul is a golden sun,
And her eyes are stars, they say.
If Lydia's soul is a golden sun,
And her eyes reflect its ray,
Then my heart is the world that they shine upon,
And her frown is night, and her smile is day.

R. M. GIBBS.

Digitized by Google

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

THE coals have lower, fainter burned;
These pages, worn and finger-turned,
Fade with the light.
No friend is here; we are alone,
My thoughts and I, while winds do moan,
And speeds the night.

A host of fancies fill the room,
And voices whispering from the gloom
Are here with me.
Can thoughts take form? A well-loved face,
Lit, as of old, with fairest grace,
I surely see.

Not length of days, not land nor sea,
Have power to sever thee from me,
O truest heart.
To wait in patience, shine or rain,
Longing until we meet again,
Shall be my part.

And I had doubted this, and gave
Full room to aching grief, a grave
Amid my dreams.
Sweet vision with thy coming, ring
Memories of meads and birds that sing
O'er purling streams.

Digitized by Google

The morning spans the eastern hills;
The yearning flower its petal fills
With gentle rains;
All life assumes a brighter robe:
e mine to trust, to love, to hope,
To meet again.

S. ABBOTT.

A SOAP-BUBBLE.

A SMALL, impalpable world,
With the big world pictured upon it.
By the breezes parried and whirled,
A small, impalpable world,
In a poet's pipe impearled,
To be blown away in a sonnet;
A small, impalpable world,
With the big world pictured upon it.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

"SOFT IS THY REST."

SOFT is thy rest, O silent sea,
To thy farthest moonlit rim
There comes no sign nor sound to me
Save that eternal hymn

Which in the dim age of thy birth
God taught thee how to sing
O'er watching night and the sleeping earth,
As through their course they swing.

Digitized by Google

Sweet is thy light, O silver sea,
Under the cold cloud-bars
The moon's broad glory seems to me
The pathway to the stars.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND BAKER.

TO A PICTURE.

I.

LADY fair, hanging there,
Smiling on me from the wall,
Could you speak now, would you tell me
Something soft and low, or quell me
With a word of coy disdain,
Smiling silently again,
A lady fair, hanging there,
Looking slyly from the wall?

II.

Lady fair, hanging there,
Smiling on me from the wall,
Could you know now what I 'm thinking
As I gaze with drowsy blinking
On your face of oily pink,
You 'd stop smiling, — for I think,
Lady fair, hanging there,
You 're quite ugly, on the wall.

Digitized by Google

"WRITE A POEM FOR THE 'LIT.'"

WRITE a poem for the "Lit,"
Fill it up with fun and wit,
Anything to make a hit, —
Write a poem for the "Lit."

Make it either short or long,
Make the metre right or wrong,
Let the thought be weak or strong,
Write a sentimental song.

Write a lover's sad complaint,
Tell of night-winds murmuring faint,
Sing of mortal, sing of saint,
Use words commonplace or quaint.

But — write a poem for the "Lit;"
Hurry up, the moments flit;
Never mind what comes of it,
Write a poem for the "Lit."

C. W. YEOMANS.

Digitized by Google

TRIOLETS.

To Her whom I call Rose.

I.

SHALL I meet you again,
As I met you last night;
Or must the refrain —
"Shall I meet you again?" —
Seek its answer in vain
From a past all too bright?
Shall I meet you again,
As I met you last night?

II.

It was foolish, I know,
But I loved you so dearly.
You had laughed at my woe, —
It was foolish, I know,
Not to leave you. Heigh-ho, –
Yes! I see it quite clearly;
It was foolish, I know, —
But I loved you so dearly.

III.

So forgive me, dear Rose,
That I spoke thus unduly,
Love says (and he knows
You 'll forgive me, dear Rose)

Digitized by Google

That, perhaps, if you chose,
You can love me quite truly;
So forgive me, dear Rose,
That I spoke thus unduly.

ELLIOT GRAY.

OLD LETTERS.

THERE 's a letter from home I was dreading,
Invitations to dinners and teas,
And even a bid to a wedding, —
That wedding, alas! was Marie's, —
A bundle of bills unreceipted,
A message or two from the Dean;
But no longer the flames shall be cheated, —
They 'll kindle without kerosene.

Some letters, about which there lingers
A perfume subtle and sweet,
A fragrance that came from her fingers
As she daintily folded the sheet.
And I read every one of them over, —
What mem'ries of summer they bring! —
But I master the sighs of a lover,
And all in the fire I fling.

A spray of sweet pea and some heather,
And a lock of her tresses comes last, —
In a pile I heap them together,
A funeral pyre to the past.

Digitized by Google

A sigh for those notes that I cherish,
A smile for those that bode ill, —
A scratch of a match, and they perish, —
Together blaze *billet* and bill.

W. L. KITCHEL.

A VALENTINE.

'T IS a song of a snow-flake cold and white,
Which came to earth on a winter's night,
And lay serene in the calm moonlight
By the window of a lady.

'T is the song of a sunbeam bright and gay,
Which pierced the cloud of a winter's day
To melt the snowflake where it lay
Before the eyes of the lady.

A song of a heart like the snow-flake cold
That longed in vain for a sunbeam bold
To pierce the crust and pour its gold
Into the life of the lady.

And then there 's a song which is sweet and true,
Of some one fair, with eyes of blue,
Who came one day and did gently woo
To warmth the heart of the lady.

Digitized by Google

REPARTEE.

THEY had whirled around in the steps of the waltz,
And dismay had spread o'er his face,
For he found just then at the end of the dance
A button was caught in her lace.

He colored, and then in embarrassed tones,
When the dance they had gone quite through,
"Pray pardon my boldness," he said with a smile,
"But you see I 'm attached to you."

Then roguishly glancing, she answered at once,
"Don't let that worry you so,
For quickly you 'd see, if you 'd only half try,
This attachment is mutual, you know."

S. A. YORK.

BANJO MINE.

NOW the gloom of a mist-laden evening,
As the day's busy callings depart,
Turns my thought, unconstrained, into brooding
On the things that lie close to my heart.

Then come out of your leathern case, banjo,
And, while resting your head on my knee,
Tune your strings to respond to my dreamings,
Let quick sympathy touch you through me.

Digitized by Google

There are so many things I would tell you,
As you whisper your low, plaintive strain, —
Disappointments, and great, throbbing longings,
In a mingling of joy and of pain.

There are deeper and sweeter chords, banjo,
Never finding expression in you;
It is only humanity's heart-strings
That will answer their vibrating true.

So I 'll play with you till softer fancies
Lead the way to my innermost soul, —
Then go back to your leathern case, banjo,
While my thought goes beyond your control.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

HER voice — like rich and mellow notes
Of thrush, in woodland glades,
That fall upon the listener's ear,
As evening twilight fades.

Her laughter — like the merry brook
That flows o'er mossy stones,
And bubbles forth its careless mirth
In soft and silver tones.

Her beauty — like the budding rose,
With tints as fair to see;
A beauty perfect in the bud, —
What must the blossom be?

H. W. BANKS.

Digitized by Google

A LOVE GAME.

'T WAS after a game of tennis;
My service had won the set,
And, in merry congratulation,
Our hands met over the net.

I said, half-jesting, half-earnest, "When Jacob so long ago
Served fourteen years for a wife, he won in the end, you know;
Now, how many years of service would you ask from the man you 'd wed?"
Though the glance of her eyes belied her, "Fifteen — love," was what she said.

A trifle piqued at her answer, I said, "He would then be old,
And your love for the faithful server would perchance have grown cold;
Pray tell me what age would suit you in the man you would care to wed?"
Though the glance of her eyes belied her, "Thirty — love," was what she said.

"You speak as though you 'd decided to marry a man of that age,
But your eyes tell a different story, in spite of their look so sage;

Digitized by Google

Now, how many men of that age have you seen
whom you 'd care to wed?"
Though the glance of her eyes belied her, "Forty —
love," was what she said.

Half in anger I turned to leave her; but she was a
true coquette,
And e'er I was out of hearing a whisper came from
the net:
"Don't you know, you silly fellow, that you are the
man I 'd wed,
And all that I 've said was only 'Game — love,'"
she laughingly said.

'T was after a game of tennis;
My service had won the set,
And, in reconciliation,
Our lips met over the net.

W. B. ANDERSON.

TWO MYSTICS.

I HAVE read in a worn old volume
Of a mystic grave and gray
Who saw in every flower
And wind an elfin fay.
And it filled the quaint old fellow
With awe and anxious dread
Of these creatures so quiet and dovelike
Around him and overhead.

Digitized by Google

So I too am surely a mystic,
Though I 'm neither grave nor gray,
Nor believe in goblins and spectres
Who frighten one's wits away.
Yet I do believe in a fairy
Who, though absent, still seems with me,
And that fairy so loved and so loving, —
Who can it be, dearest, but thee?

EXPERIENCE.

POETS may sing their plaintive wails,
Historians tell their fearful tales
Of wasted lives and broken hearts,
And the anguish of love's poisoned darts;

But they tell of nothing half so bad,
Nothing so harrowing or sad,
As the story read at a single look
At the stubs in a college-man's old bank-book.

TO MY MEERSCHAUM.

THERE 's a charm in the sun-crested hills,
In the quivering light of a star,
In the plash of a silvery rill,
Yet to me thou art lovelier far,
My meerschaum!

Digitized by Google

There 's a love in her witching dark eye,
  There 's a love in her tresses at play,
Yet her love would be worth not a sigh,
  If from thee she could call me away,
                My meerschaum!

Let revellers sing of their wine,
  As they toss it in ecstasy down,
But the bowl I call for is thine,
  With its deepening amber and brown,
                My meerschaum!

For when trouble would bid me despair,
  I call for a flagon of beer,
And puff a defiance to care,
  Till sorrows in smoke disappear,
                O meerschaum!

Though mid pleasures unnumbered I whirl,
  Though I traverse the billowy sea,
Yet the waving and beautiful curl
  Of thy smoke 's ever dearer to me,
                My meerschaum!

P. D. R.

AN INTRUSION.

EYES that are saucy but tender,
  Plenty of natural style,
Hands that are neatly bedimpled,
  Sweet little coquettish smile,

Digitized by Google

Golden brown hair in profusion,
  Delicate peach-tinted cheek, —
Such is the beautiful vision
  That will interfere with my Greek.

D. C. BREWER.

THE CURFEW CHIMES.

CLANGING, dinging,
  Slowly swinging
  In the village belfry high,
Hear them singing,
Quaintly ringing
  Out their evening lullaby.

Hark! they 're singing!
For they 're flinging
  Out a joyous melody, —
Sweet sounds winging
Heavenward, bringing
  Mem'ries of the day passed by.

Thanks for blessing
They 're addressing
  To the Lover of us all;
And confessing,
Care caressing,
  In their music's curfew call.

Digitized by Google

Angels kneeling,
With hushed feeling,
  Gathered up those tones so sweet,
Softly stealing
The chimes' pealing,
  Lay them at the Master's feet.

Then the swinging
Bells cease ringing
  Out their liquid lullaby;
Echoes dinging,
Faintly singing,
  Float down from the frosted sky!

V. LANSING COLLINS.

A MERRY, blue-eyed laddie goes laughing through the town,
  Singing, "Hey, but the world is a gay, gay place!"
And every little lassie smoothes her tumbled locks a-down,
And brings out all her dimples and hides away her frown,
  And lays aside her broom and mop, the bonnie boy to chase,
  Singing, "Hey, but the world is a gay, gay place!"

But away the blue-eyed laddie goes to seek another town,
  Singing, "Hey, but the world is a gay, gay place!"

Digitized by Google

Then every dimple vanishes, and back comes every
frown,
And every little lassie folds away her Sunday gown,
With tear-drops trickling sadly down her woful
little face,
Sighing, "Hey, but the world is a sad, sad place!"

JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS.

THE TWO ANSWERS.

I ASKED a maid with a fair young face
The hue of the flower that men call love;
She smiled and blushed with a sweet, shy grace,
And eyes like the blue above.

"White — snow-white,
And it blooms at night,
As well in the dark as the day, —
Hid in the shadow or out in the light, —
And best of all, it knows no blight,
And it never fades away!"

I asked a woman out in the street,
Clothed in misery, want, and shame;
Her face was defiant and hard, not sweet, —
Like a rose held in the flame.

Digitized by Google

"Red — blood-red
Is the flower," she said,
"And its leaves are sin-color, though fair.
It cannot live and grow in the head,
So it springs up in the heart instead,
And kills the white flowers there."

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

TWO OF A KIND.

SOFTLY the evening breezes
Blew through the leaves overhead,
And the fireflies flashed like diamonds,
The robins had gone to bed.

And there, in the gathering twilight,
Swinging listlessly to and fro,
With one little foot just moving
To make the hammock go,

She seemed to my loving spirit
Like some mystical maiden of old,
With the eyes shining soft in the starlight,
And her tresses like beaten gold.

And I sat at her feet adoring,
Not daring a word to say,
Lest the beautiful charm should be broken,
And the vision should vanish away.

Digitized by Google

But I longed to be sitting beside her.
And pour in her listening ear
The words which burned in my bosom,
And her whispered answer to hear.

"Fair maid, I beseech thee, tell me
Is there room enough for two
To sit and swing in the hammock,
Should I come and swing with you?"

In her eyes burned a softer radiance,
And gently her head inclined,
As she murmured, "Oh yes, thrice plenty,
But only for two of a kind."

H. W. BANKS.

WOMAN'S WILES.

BEFORE.

TWO snowy arms around his neck,
Two rosy lips to his upturned;
The outcome he ne'er stopped to reck,
A kiss he knew was what she yearned.

AFTER.

Two snowy arms around his neck,
Two rosy lips to his upturned;
The outcome now he stopped to reck,
He knew it was a check she yearned.

HENRY S. CHAPMAN.

Digitized by Google

THE TOAST.

A Sea Song.

COME drink to the toast that I give ye,
A toast that in every land thrives;
Come fill up your glasses, and with me
Drink health to our sweethearts and wives.

And let us here gather together,
As bees seek at evening their hives,
And careless of wind and of weather
Drink health to our sweethearts and wives.

The gale may be howling above us,
We 'll laugh while our vessel survives;
We 'll sing of the dear ones that love us,
And drink to our sweethearts and wives.

A hundred long leagues of wild waters
Keep us from the pride of our lives;
So drink to the fishermen's daughters,
Drink health to our sweethearts and wives.

CHARLES CAPRON MARSH.

Digitized by Google

TO MILLICENT ABROAD.

I.

COME back to us, dear little Lady Disdain,
From your travels in England, in Spain, and in France;
You have wandered for months over Europe's domain,
Can't you give poor America just a wee glance?
There are scores of cotillons for you to dance;
There are scores of gallants to kneel to you;
They pine for the light of your countenance.
Oh, won't you come back to us? Millicent, do!

II.

Your frocks and your gowns will be envied by all,
And your haughty mien will be haughtier still;
But you 'll ne'er be a "flower by the crannied wall,"
And you 'll have everything at your own sweet will.
Come back, and your army of subjects drill,
So glad and willing to welcome you;
Come back, bewitching in lace and frill:
Oh, won't you come back to us? Millicent, do!

III.

So much of my song for the cold world's ear;
But now if the words grow tender and low,
Will you haply listen, and will you hear
A voice that speaks of the long ago,

Digitized by Google

When we sat alone in the sunset glow,
And your sweet eyes told me your heart was true?
And I said — But whatever I said, you know.
Ah, won't you come back to me? Millicent, do!

T. P. SANBORN.

THE FROST-ELVES.

IN the solemn stillness of the winter nights,
When the sky is sparkling with its frost of stars,
Up from every snow-drift come the tiny sprites
Who tell in fairy frost-work tales of elfin-land.

Merrily they frolic
In the dim starlight,
Casting flickering shadows
With their robes of white;

Building airy castles
Along the water's edge,
Scattering elfin diamonds
On every bush and hedge;

Painting on our windows,
With many a dainty stroke,
The glistening hills and valleys
Where dwell the gay frost folk.

When the first stray sunbeam
Comes glimmering o'er the snow,
Back to the earth like snow-flakes
The merry frost-elves go.

MARY L. WOLVERTON.

Digitized by Google

MY LADY.

WHERE laps the breeze, the ever-rustling tree,
Where the cool stream flows gay and free,
If there my lady is, there would I be,
My lady.

Where winter roars and storms vindictive fly,
And hurl deep thunders from a deeper sky,
If there my lady be, there would be I,
My lady.

For what to me is tropic heat intense,
Or frigid winter, awful, dark, and dense,
When mocking eyes still keep me in suspense?
My lady.

A CHALLENGE.

NAME me the fairest flower of earth,
The brightest bud of all,
That leaves of softest hue puts forth,
From which sweet perfumes fall,
And I will name a maiden fair
With whom that flower can not compare.

Bring me the purest, purest gem
That ocean's depths may hold,
Or decks a monarch's diadem,
Resplendent mid the gold;
But I will name an eye whose light
More perfect is in beauty bright.

Digitized by Google

Name me the fairest, fairest maid
  E'er breathed of old our air;
Though soft her cheek and pure its shade,
  And she as angel fair;
Yet I will name a maid who far
Surpasses her, as sun a star;

Whose beauteous form, whose tender eye,
  Whose soft and loving heart,
Whose sweet and soothing witchery
  Will ne'er from memory part;
And who forever, evermore,
I 'll love and worship and adore.

WILLARD SNOWDEN.

VISIONS.

OH, happy land, with castles fair,
  Where blows a perfumed, fairy air;
On sunny waves light vessels glide;
A stormless sea, a gentle tide:
What nameless light upon it streams,
That country where we live — in dreams.

Old friends return in laughing guise,
Again we gaze in trusting eyes,
Long silent voices echo still,
Forgotten scenes our pulses thrill,
From out the past the pleasure seems
To come, without the pain — in dreams.

Digitized by Google

Will ever cloudy daylight bring
Such heartfelt words of welcoming?
Will ever come, in waking hours,
Such breezes wafting scents of flowers?
Will sober spirit catch the gleams
Within the veil withdrawn — in dreams?

D. L. MAULSBY.

DISCOURAGING.

PRETTY little maiden,
Tripping through the snow,
Let me be your escort?
Maiden answered, "No!"

Pretty little maiden,
Do you love me less
For thus importuning?
Maiden answered, "Yes!"

D. C. BREWER.

FRA MOREALE.

BATTLE-SONG.

WITH a hearty laugh,
Our wine we quaff
From the grateful bowl o'erflowing.
Each stirring song
Rings loud and long,
While the night to the morn is growing.

Digitized by Google

To each lady fair,
Whose heart ye share,
Pledge a cup of the richest flavor,—
What higher goal
To the gallant soul
Than to win a lady's favor?

Begone, each fear,
Each womanish tear!
Look full and clear to the morrow!
Do ye dread dark death
And the parting breath?—
Are ye fond of this life and its sorrow?

If fall ye must
In the blood-stained dust,
Mid the groans of your comrades dying,
No coward's bier
Your name shall sear,
When in death you are coldly lying!

S. B. R.

AN ELFIN CRUISE.

'T WAS a merry day as we sailed away,
And the sun shone bright above;
A platter round for a boat we found,
And we made a sail of a glove.

Digitized by Google

From east to west we sailed in quest
  Of the land where the Kelpies be;
But we sailed for years, while our bitter tears
  Through the scupper ran into the sea.

And down we bore on a fertile shore
  Away on our weather bow,
And we rigged a jib of a baby's bib
  On a pin stuck into the prow.

We passed the fort of Kelpies' port,
  And tied our boat to a wall,
And quickly bought whatever we thought
  Was strange or queer at all.

We loaded our ship from top to tip
  With the teeth of the fierce sparrów,
And elephants' claws and oyster jaws
  We stowed in the hold below.

Then we set our sail to a favoring gale,
  And steered for the home of we;
From west to east we sail in haste
  From the land where the Kelpies be.

And the years slip by as we homeward fly
  To the shore of our native land;
But at last we see, close under our lee,
  The well-known stretch of sand.

Digitized by Google

And down to the dock the people flock,
A thousand men or more,
And they shout with glee our ship to see,
And her gallant crew of four.

For 't was a merry day as we sailed away,
And the sun shone bright above;
A platter round for a boat we found,
And we made a sail of a glove.

J.

IN CAP AND GOWN.

IN cap and gown I saw her go, —
The daintiest sight the world could show;
The cap aslant with mocking air,
The gown blown lightly here and there, —
I watched her with my heart aglow.

Throughout the passing centuries slow,
In many garbs, maids come and go.
Sweet souls! they had been twice as fair
In cap and gown.

O Grecian girls in robes of snow,
O satin belles of long ago,
However gay your dress, or fair,
I tell you ye could not compare
With the new maid ye cannot know, —
In cap and gown.

Digitized by Google

TO A COLLECTION OF PASTORALS.

I PLUCKED some simple flowers in the early morning hours,
While the dew-drops sparkled brightly on each petal's velvet skin:
Some of the buds were homely, and some others I thought comely;
But for me both good and bad ones had a pearly drop within.

These ballads are the flowers that I 've gathered in the hours
Ere my sun of life has mounted to its parched and panting noon;
And the pearly drops within them are the feelings I put in them
As I wandered in the fragrant woods and flowery ways of June.

May they murmur to my readers, like the breezes to the cedars,
Of pastures paved with buttercups and vales with violets blue;
And may they appear so humble that each one disposed to grumble
May scorn to sneer at them or the garden where they grew.

F. B. WILEY.

Digitized by Google

CONTRIBUTORS.

Abbott, Mary Winchester, 29.
Abbott, S., 163.
Adams, Elizabeth Kemper, 1, 140.
Adams, S. H., 101.
Alexander, Edwin George, 113.
Allen, Philip S., 161.
Anderson, W. B., 106, 172.

Baker, George Comstock, 146.
Baker, William Drummond, 116, 164.
Banks, H. W., 56, 135, 171, 179.
Barnes, Lillian Corbett, 37.
Barney, William Grant, 74.
Benton, J. B., 153.
Bice, H. H., 103.
Blake, J. K., 18.
Boyne, H. A., 44.
Boynton, J. H., 51.
Brackett, S. C., 26.
Brewer, D. C., 13, 135, 175, 186.
Brewer, Harriet, 99.
Brown, Edgar Allen, 67.
Burleigh, Clarence B., 68.
Burton, Richard, 152.

Camp, Frederick Stanley, 47, 92.
Candee, Harry Safford, 155.
Chapin, Charles W. E., Jr., 27, 38, 93.
Chapman, H. G., 9.
Chapman, Henry S., 180.
Clarke, F. C., 145.
Clay, F., 64.
Collins, V. Lansing, 176.
Collins, William French, 15, 127.
Colton, Arthur Willis, 69
Cooper, F. T., 2, 4, 119.
Cotton, Arthur W., 5.
Curtis, F. K., 19, 39.
Cutler, J. S., 132.

Denison, J. P., 8, 42, 156.
Doggett, H. L., 20
Dominick, Bayard, Jr., 50.
Duffield, Samuel Pitts, 34.
Dunham, H. G., 130.

Easton, F. T., 9, 95, 125.
Everette, M. E. H., 102, 141.

Ferris, G. H., 14.
Fitch, William Clyde, 16, 43, 54, 67, 132.
Follansbee, Mitchell D., 40.
Forbush, William B., 118.
Foster, Henry Richard, 85.
Fowler, G. B., 70.
Freeman, Albert M., 35.

Gibbs, R. M., 162.
Goodwin, James, 128.

Digitized by Google

Gould, B. A., Jr., 114, 126.
Gray, Elliot, 167.
Green, Arthur Leslie, 162.
Gregg, Robert Etheridge, 100.
Gregory, Warren Fenno, 24.

Hale, H. D., 117.
Hall, Abby Mary, 25.
Hall, Newton M., 155.
Hamilton, F. E. E., 29.
Hamilton, John Alan, 79, 96.
Hart, F. W., 71.
Hartridge, Emelyn Battersby, 72.
Houghton, A. B., 57, 66.
Hubbard, Marion, 107.
Hunneman, Carleton, 3.

Kellogg, Robert James, 108.
Kingsbury, H. T., 44.
Kitchel, W. L., 63, 168.
Knowles, Frederic Lawrence, 50, 95, 138, 164.

Langdon, W. C., Jr., 65.
Larned, Frank Madison, 78.
Leahy, W. A., 3.
Ledyard, Ray, 148.
Livingston, S. T., 53, 159.
Locke, Addie I., 144.

Marsh, Charles Capron, 41, 55, 87, 181.
Maulsby, D. L., 185.
Michael, F. M., 75.
Millholen, Herbert Eugene, 95.
Moody, William Vaughn, 32.

Newcomer, A. G, 17, 147
Nichols, W. C., 59, 89.

Paine, Ralph D., 61.
Palmer, F. S., 86.
Patterson, C. H., 140.
Peabody, Clarence W., 131.
Phelps, Sheffield, 36.

Quint, Wilder Dwight, 105.

Ransom, Seymour Herbert, 91.
Reed, E. B., 7.
Richmond, H. A., 45.

Sanborn, T. P., 60, 129, 182.
Simonds, A. B., 122.
Smith, G. C., 94.
Smith, W. H., 115.
Snowden, Willard, 184.
Soper, George Albert, 124.
Southwick, H. C., 151.
Spencer, Alfred L., 56.
Stevenson, Burton Egbert, 7, 116.
Stone, H. M., 137.
Swinburne, Thomas Thackery, 97.

Tassin, Algernon, 30.
Tenney, S. G., 88, 122.
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbur, 14, 23, 177.
Tongue, Robert Clarkson, 110.

Urquhart, Frank John, 111.

Van Wagenen, Jared, Jr., 24.

Walker, Welby, 12.
Wallace, G. R., 112.
Webb, Rebe S., 79.
Wetherbee, W., 33.
Wheeler, George P., 178.
Wiley, F. B., 190.
Williams, R. F., Jr., 48.
Wolverton, Mary L., 183.

Yeomans, C. W., 136, 166.
York, S. A., 170.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

3 2044 009 869 140

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.